

Songs of Earth
and
Heaven

NEWMAN HALL LL.B.

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SONGS
OF
EARTH AND HEAVEN.



✓
SONGS
OF
EARTH AND HEAVEN.

BY ✓
NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.,
Author of "Come to Jesus," etc., etc.

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*[Many of the following Sonnets and Hymns
have appeared in a small volume entitled
“PILGRIM SONGS IN CLOUD AND SUNSHINE,”
which has been several years Out of Print.]*

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SONNETS.

PREFATORY.

A THOUSAND seeds are formed, for one to root ;
Of many arrows, few quite reach the mark ;
Of many blows, few strike the kindling spark ;
And few entrance, who take the minstrel's lute.
Prizes are rare, and many strive in vain ;
That many strive, shall critics stern complain,
And bid all bards, uncertified, be mute ?
Should I be so much blessed that one brief strain,
To souls devout or weary, solace lend ;
Or might be deemed, when thankful voices blend,
Fit vehicle for tuneful prayer or praise ;
An altar to "Contented Hope" I'll raise.
The simple daisy in the garden grows
Beneath the stately pine, or fragrant rose.

TO MY MOTHER.

PREFIXED TO "BOLTON ABBEY HYMNS."

MOTHER ! to thee, of right, this book belongs ;
For, seated on thy knee, an infant weak,
With lisping tongue, I learned from thee to speak
"In psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs."
Oft didst thou stroke my head, and kiss my cheek,
And weep for joy to hear thy child repeat
How the Good Shepherd came from heaven, to seek
His wandering lambs,—and how His hands and feet
Were pierced with nails—while He, the sufferer
 meek,
Prayed for His foes, then mounted to His throne.
With themes like these my years have still up-
 grown,
Through thy persuasive teaching, tender care,
Thine, and a loving father's life of prayer :
The book I offer thee is thus thine own.

BOLTON ABBEY.

ENTRANCED with varied loveliness, I gaze
On Bolton's hallowed fane. Its hoary walls,
More eloquent, in ruin, than the halls
Of princely pomp, their solemn features raise
'Mid thick embowering elms. Meek cattle graze
The peaceful pastures circling it around ;
Old Wharfe flows sparkling by with pensive sound,
And heathery hills look down through purple haze.
All lend their aid to prompt these humble lays ;
Some kind and soothing influence all have given—
The mouldering Abbey, and the moss-grown grave,
The breezy moorland, and the rock-nurst wave,
Cliff, meadow, forest—all direct to Heaven,
All blend their voices in one psalm of praise.

AT ULLSWATER.

“Whatsoever things are lovely.”

How deep, how pure, how tranquil is the lake !
Lowly beneath the great hills it doth lie,
Yet looketh day and night unto the sky,
Whose tints and glorious radiance it doth take.
The sun and stars a matchless mirror make
Of its calm bosom, bending from on high ;
Yet none the less, earth's objects that are nigh
Are seen reflected there—the ferny brake,
The bending birch-tree and the steadfast pine,
The daisied meadows where the cattle feed,
The tiny pebbles on the beach that shine,
Each tuft of moss and every trembling reed.
Lord ! to my soul be such pure calmness given,
Reflecting all things fair in earth and heaven.

ST. MARTHA'S HILL, SURREY.

“ Here we have no continuing city.”

BELOVED Saint Martha's ! From thy heathery brow
Oft have I watched the sun-set glory fade
From vale, hill, cornfield, forest, verdant glade ;
And oft, at morn, with swelling heart, as now,
Thy boundless panorama have surveyed.
By tracks of friends in sunshine and in shade,
By tears shed on thy breast, endeared art thou ;
Of prayer, praise, conflict, love, oft witness made.
Dear Hill, adieu ! we also now must part ;
Life is from infancy one long farewell ;
Never doth pause the sad, sad parting bell,
For loves and joys that fastened round the heart :
Not till on Zion's holy mount we dwell
Shall cease the daily dirge, and funeral knell.

AT MARS' HILL.

“And they took him, and brought him unto Areopagus.”

ATHENS! how grandly beautiful art thou!
Thy dignity, in death, retaining long,
In spite of centuries of cruel wrong;
In spite of earthquake, lightning, war, e'en now
Riseth sublime thy queenly, peerless brow.
What names and memories to thee belong!
Poets, and statesmen; fields, renowned in song,
Where Athens guarded Greece from tyrant's thrall:
Demosthenes; eventful Marathon;
Plato and Socrates; great Salamis!
Still awes the soul thy pillared Parthenon;
Thy glittering, temple-crowned Acropolis:
But of thy glories this surpasseth all—
Rough, naked Areopagus, and—PAUL!

AT GUDVANGEN.

“That ye may be filled with all the fulness of God.”

IN winding gorges of Norwegian hills,
Flows the full Fjord ; wedding sea and land,
And linking each small creek with ocean grand.
Watching the tide each rocky glen that fills,
The mountains opening, reverently stand,
And offerings give with no reluctant hand ;—
Mosses, and ferns, and flowers of every hue,
All that they can, to greet the dark-blue wave,
That loves those crags and verdant nooks to
lave :

From beetling cliffs that pierce the curtain blue
The foaming torrent leaps, and seems to say,—
“ It is thine own, O sea ! we give this day.”
Thus, Ocean infinite of Love Divine,
Enter and permeate this soul of mine.

PATIENT WAITING.

“ Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.”

THE snows of winter nurse the hopeful corn ;
Long patient months produce the harvest fair ;
The darkling clouds the sunset's throne prepare ;
'Mid glacier crags are noblest rivers born ;
The tempest's tracks the mountain face adorn ;
In deepest mines are treasured gems most rare ;
The port seems calmer reached through storms of
care.

The night of weeping ends in joyful morn ;
Events are not as first they meet the sight ;
The sons of God by passing griefs are blest ;
Amid the dark He ever leads to light ;
His purposes and plans are always right.
Commit thy way to Him—His way is best ;
O wait for Him, wait patiently, and rest.

A PORTRAIT.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

INSTINCT with goodness ; sensible, refined,
Both grave and gay, wise, witty ; native grace
More natural by noblest culture made ;
A charm surpassing beauty in a face
The earthly mirror of a heavenly mind,
Perennial charm, in autumn ne'er to fade ;
Fair landscape varied, sunshine, pensive shade ;
With nooks where friends sweet hidden flowers
 may find ;
A steadfast, tender, sympathising heart ;
Crowning man's strength with beauty, counterpart :
An angel forming but a woman still,
Happy all woman's holy place to fill :
Far wealthier than by widest empire's throne,
The man who calls such treasure all his own.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

I.

"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works ! in wisdom hast Thou made them all ; the earth is full of Thy riches."

So near the town, what rural charms combine !
The breezy knoll, the ferny brake, and dells
With wood-anemones, and pale blue-bells,
Broom, heather, golden gorse, and eglantine :
Copses where trailing brambles intertwine,
Where birds, bees, butterflies make holiday ;
And sunny lawns, where gleesome children play ;
And pools that 'mid the verdure radiant shine.
What gorgeous sunsets doth thy brow behold,
Flooding the scene with opalescent gold !
Yonder the silent landscape melts in blue ;
I turn--the millioned city meets my view ;
I pray--uplifted on this central down--
Thou Who didst make the Country, guard the Town.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

2.

“ And when He was come near He beheld the city, and wept over it.”

“ If I find fifty righteous within the city, then I will spare all the place for their sakes.”

WHAT memories waken at the varied view !
Harrow, with Byron's boyhood ; Windsor's towers ;
At yonder oriel Chatham did renew
The strength of brain o'ertaxed ; those distant bowers
The toils humane of Wilberforce well knew.
On this high ridge reposed in leisure hours
Mansfield and Erskine after judgments true :
Keats warbled, Dickens wandered 'mongst the
flowers.

Soars yonder dome o'er thousand spires that claim
The teeming city for the Saviour's name !
That solemn roar commingles at all times
Groans, laughter, hatred, love, toils, virtues, crimes.
Remember, Lord, Thy praying children there ;
And for the righteous' sake, the sinful spare.

HEAVENLY TREASURE.

“Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt.”

WHY should we choose our treasure here below
Where moth and rust corrupt? Why fix our heart
Where closest ties are quickly torn apart?
Why, on an ocean where such tempests blow,
Embark so rich a freight? Why, 'mid the snow
Of so unkind a winter plant a flower
So fragrant, yet so frail? Why build Hope's tower
Where lightnings flash, and whelming torrents
flow?

But if our highest energies are bent
In God and Heaven a portion to secure,
Whate'er betide, our heritage is sure;
When the destroying angels forth are sent,
When melts away the starry firmament,
Our bliss unharmed, shall, e'en as God, endure.

THE SOWER.

“ He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”

WEEPING goes forth the sower on his way ;
Weeping—although he beareth precious seed ;
Weeping—because he knows his utter need ;
Weeping through many a dark and stormy day.
He weeps for goodly grain cast quite away ;
For barren footpath, and delusive soil
Where rocks, scarce hidden, all his labour foil ;
For early bloom of hopes that will not stay ;
For thriving plants choked up by many a weed ;
Yet ceases not to sow, and watch, and pray.
The Saviour, as *He* sowed, did weep and bleed,
But now rejoices with the fruit alway :
So, like the Master, he who sows and grieves,
Shall doubtless come again with joyful sheaves.

IN HIGHGATE CEMETERY.

“Death is swallowed up in victory.”

ARE death's dark emblems suited for the grave
Of those who dwell in heaven's unclouded light ?
For souls arrayed in robes of dazzling white
Shall blackest palls, and plumes funereal wave ?
Shall lilies drooping with untimely blight,
Torches reversed, whose flame is quenched in
night,

And columns shattered, our compassion crave
For those whom Christ, by death, did fully save—
Who now, made perfect, serve, and in His sight
Drink of the fountain of supreme delight ?
Rear high the shaft ! “NEW LIFE” thereon en-
grave !

Turn up the torch ! it never burnt so bright ;
A richer beauty to the lily give !
The Christian dies that he may fully live.

SUGGESTED BY A WALK ON THE RIGI.

“Many that are first shall be last.”

THE soaring summit, and each swelling brow
That high above the level landscape rise,
Command a wider view of earth and skies
Than the deep gully, which doth humbly bow
As low beneath their loftiness it lies ;
They oft are gazed at with admiring eyes,
Stand forth as landmarks, earlier catch the light,
Glowing with roseate splendours to the sight.
But while all bleak and bare they brave the blast,
In yonder lowly, unambitious dell
Ferns, shade-ful trees, sweet fruits and flowerets
 dwell,
And streamlets flow to fill the peasant's well.
Let none repine whose lot in vales is cast ;
In Grace, as Nature, oft the first are last.

THE CHURCH, THE BRIDE OF CHRIST.

“I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife. And he showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of Heaven from God, having the glory of God.”

O BRIDE of Christ, how beautiful art thou !
Of myrrh and cassia thy garments smell,
From ivory palaces where thou dost dwell.
A queenly crown adorns thy radiant brow ;
Thy retinue king's daughters vie to swell ;
With cheerful gifts to thee all nations bow ;
No tongue thy peerless charms can fitly tell.
But whence thy glory ? Given thee from above :
Not the mock jewels which the worldly prize,
Thy gems are goodness, meekness, truth, and
love :

Alas ! that we should hide, by rags of earth,
The beauty that is thine by heavenly birth.
Bridegroom Divine ! strip off each vile disguise,
That her true charms may win all hearts and eyes.

THE CHURCH, ONE GARDEN OF THE LORD.

“Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.”

THE garden of the Lord spreads far and wide ;
But not in one huge bed, unvaried, grow
The trees which He has planted ; fruits and
 flowers,
The lily, rose, and jasmine—fragrant bowers,
In differing borders the same beauty show.
Such varying forms true oneness cannot hide ;
They beautify the garden, not divide.
We hedge and fence our favourite bed—but lo !
Beyond the barrier, to reprove our pride,
Are flowers as sweet and fair ; the heaven-taught
 bees,
Seeking the honey, scorn the fence ; the breeze,
Incense from all alike to God doth blow ;
On all the beds He pours His showers divine,
On all the garden makes His sun to shine.

BOLDNESS IN THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

“We may have confidence in the day of judgment, because as He is so are we in this world.”

As He our judge is so are we on earth :
He shares our nature, we His heavenly birth ;
We live in fellowship with Him alway ;
We bear His likeness, praise Him, trust Him, pray ;
He bears our guilt, His virtue is our worth ;
His cause, His friends are ours ; we Him obey,
Together work, His favour makes our day ;
His love, His yoke, His service, our true mirth.
Bound up in brotherhood and interest thus,—
Our Lord and Saviour, true unchanging Friend,
We one with Him as He is one with us,—
Such union formed by Him can never end.
Why should we fear, with Him upon the throne
Whom now on earth we bless as all our own ?

THE LORD'S SECOND ADVENT.

"Behold, I come quickly."

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

WHY, Lord, O why so long dost Thou delay
Thy promised coming? why so long postpone
The glorious triumph by Thy prophets shown,
And by the Church expected? Lord, we pray
That now, e'en now, may dawn Millennium's day:
Pity creation's long-continued groan,
Answer the prayers that crowd around Thy
throne,

Nor let Thy chariot wheels their advent stay.
O come to curb the serpent's cruel rage,
And sin, our deadly foe, in fetters bind;
Wipe every tear away, all grief assuage,
Reveal Thy truth and love to all mankind;
Let warfare, pride, oppression, envy cease;
And fill distracted earth with heavenly peace.

HEAVEN.

“His servants shall serve Him.”

His servants serve Him. Happy, happy they !
The perfect service of a perfect Lord
With duty and desire in full accord
Is Heaven indeed ; 'tis rapture to obey
When love constrains, unweariedly, alway.
Alas ! in seeming service, often now,
To some veiled form of self we basely bow ;
Some worldly motive dims the heavenly ray,
And thus the prize of service true we miss :
'Tis perfect sunshine that makes perfect day.
In Heaven, the radiant, all-inclusive bliss,
The brightest glory of their crown is this—
They from their Lord's loved precepts never
 swerve ;
Him with exulting joy His servants serve.

METRICAL MUSINGS.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

“Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye Him, sun and moon;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light;
Fire and hail; snow and vapours;
Mountains and all hills; beasts and all cattle;
Bless the Lord, all His works;
Bless the Lord, O my soul.”

PRAISE the Lord, ye realms of nature!
To your King glad homage pay;
Sound His glory, every creature,
Day proclaim it unto day;
Sun, that speaks His fadeless splendour,
Moon, that mildly rules the night,
Circling planets, praises render,
Praise Him, all ye stars of light!

Let the earth bend low before Him
Round its axle as it rolls;
Isles and continents, adore Him,
Blazing zone, and icy poles;
Alpine peaks, reflect His glory,
Burn, volcanoes, in His praise;
Hill to valley shout the story,
Every land an altar raise.

Universal Praise.

Torrents foaming from the mountains,
Rivers winding through the plain,
Murmuring streams and bubbling fountains,
Hissing hail and fruitful rain ;
Praise Him ! rolling waves of ocean,
Crested billows, slumbering blue,
Blend, ye waters, in devotion,
Morning mists and diamond dew.

Let the months, in long procession,
Each its proper tribute pay ;
Let the seasons, in succession,
On His altar offerings lay ;
Incense fit from each ascending,
Summer, led by tuneful Spring,
Gifted Autumn, grateful bending,
Winter wild, His praises sing.

Praise Him forests, dark, primeval,
Spreading oak and pillared pine,
With the ancient world coeval ;
Praise Him, corn and clustered vine :
Roses, praise Him ! fragrant bowers,
Jessamine and lilies twine ;
All ye field and garden flowers,
Him to praise your charms combine.

Universal Praise.

All your varied voices blending,
 Pealing thunder, whispering breeze,
Plaintive notes from flocks ascending,
 Murmur of the trembling trees ;
Raise the psalm of adoration,
 Sounding sea, and tinkling rill ;
Swell the chorus of Creation,
 Tuneful grove, and echoing hill.

Bees amidst the blossoms humming,
 Linnets carolling the spring,
Cuckoo's shout of summer coming,
 Larks high soaring as ye sing ;
Nightingales with pensive rapture,
 Blackbird, thrush, and cooing dove,
Winged choristers of nature,
 Sing your Maker's psalm of love.

Ponderous whale and tiny minnow,
 Huge behemoth, gay gazelle,
All that dive beneath the billow,
 All that in the forest dwell ;
Insects in the sunshine dancing
 Merry in their mystic maze,
Flocks reposing, horses prancing,
 Join in nature's hymn of praise.

Universal Praise.

Praise Jehovah, all creation !

Praise Him, ye above the sky !

Praise Him, every tribe and nation !

Praise Him, heaven ! let earth reply !

All ye seraph choirs adore Him !

Saints triumphant robed in white,

Ransomed sinners, bend before Him ;

All in praise to God unite !

GOD BLESS OUR DEAR OLD ENGLAND.

“God be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us.”

God bless our dear old England !
With cliffs so bold and white,
Round which the angry billows
So vainly roar and fight :
God bless our sons and daughters,
And make them pure and brave ;
By righteousness, the nation,
O righteous Father ! save.

God bless our beauteous England,
This cultured garden fair ;
With orchard, meadow, cornfield,
Lovely beyond compare :
Adorn her with the beauties
Of holiness and grace,
These fruits and flowers reflecting,
O Lord ! Thy smiling face.

God Bless our Dear Old England.

God bless our grand old England,
With proud historic name ;
And may she yet outrival
Her thousand years of fame :
But chiefly—make her steadfast
In godliness and truth,
Wisdom of age uniting
With all the zeal of youth.

God bless the wealth of England,
Her industry and trade ;
And ne'er by vile ambition
May she her power degrade :
First in the roll of nations
Let her by *justice* be ;
Rich in good works, and pleasing,
O God of Peace, to Thee.

God bless our home of freedom,
Her oldest, dearest shrine ;
Sacred by blood of martyrs
Guarding the " Right Divine :"
Still may the flag of England
O'er freemen only wave ;
But chief, from sin's dominion
Thy chartered people save.

God Bless our Dear Old England.

God bless our land of churches,
Where spire and tower are seen
Thick foresting the cities,
And gladdening the green :
Make all their pastors faithful,
Bless every house of prayer ;
When Christians meet for worship
Be with them everywhere.

God bless the Queen of England,
Our noble and our great ;
Our senators and judges,
And those who guide the State :
Breathe over all their counsels
Wisdom and patriot health,
Thy faith and fear directing
Our regal Commonwealth.

God bless our English people ;
Brave, loyal, trusty folk ;
Free from all chain of bondage,
Scorning each sinful yoke,
May rich and poor together
Labour and love as one,
A happy, royal priesthood,
And so Thy will be done.

God Bless our Dear Old England.

Old England ! Heaven defend her ;

God bless our native land ;

Beside her in all danger

Do Thou her Guardian stand :

God bless our dear old England !

And may she ever be

Exalted 'mid the nations,

By faith, O Lord, in Thee.

BETHLEHEM.

"Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace."

Not in halls of regal splendour,
Not to princes of the earth,
Did the herald angels render
Tidings of their Monarch's birth ;
Not to statesman, priest, or sage,
They proclaimed the golden age.
'Twas the poor man's heritage—
For on shepherds lowly
Burst the anthem holy—

In excelsis gloria,

Et in terra pax !

Not by worldly wealth or wisdom,
Not by power of law, or sword ;
But by service to win freedom,
And by sorrow bliss afford :
Born to poverty and pain,
Born to die and thus to reign,
Rescuing man from Satan's chain—

Jesus now rules o'er us :

Swell the joyful chorus—

In excelsis gloria,

Et in terra pax !

Bethlehem.

Glory be to God in heaven,
Peace on earth, good will to men !
In the highest, praise be given !
Angels ! strike your harps again.
Justice has on Mercy smiled,
God and men are reconciled
Through Emmanuel, new-born child.
Blend we then our voices !
Earth with heaven rejoices—
In excelsis gloria,
Et in terra pax !

Bid the new-born Monarch welcome,
Pay Him homage every heart !
Hallelujah ! let His kingdom
Swiftly spread in every part.
War and bloodshed then shall cease,
Selfishness its slaves release,
Love shall reign, and white-robed peace ;
Then, from earth as heaven,
Praise shall aye be given —
In excelsis gloria,
Et in terra pax !

CANA OF GALILEE.

"Thou hast kept the good wine until now. This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee."

UNLIKE the world and sin—they *first*
Their gaudiest gifts display,
But soon the falsehood we detect,
The brightness fades away ;
The meteor's glare is quenched in night,
Down every hope is cast ;
But Thou, O Lord, dost ever keep
Thy best wine to the last.

The battle, brief and glorious, ends
In victory, sure and long ;
Grief does but stretch and tune the chords
For heaven's eternal song ;
Bright sunshine follows fertile showers,
Sweet toil wins sweeter rest,
Kind snow doth nourish fadeless flowers ;
God's last are always best.

Cana of Galilee.

Better, when seeming worst, Thy wine
Than the world's best can be ;
The bitterest cup brings health and joy,
When mingled, Lord, by Thee :
If saved by grace from sin and guilt,
All care on Thee I cast ;
Pour out for me, Lord, as Thou wilt
But keep the best till last.

BETWEEN JERUSALEM AND JERICHO.

“But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was ;
and when he saw him, he had compassion on him.”

FROM Jerusalem the peaceful,
By a path too often trod,
Down to Jericho I journeyed,
City of the curse of God.

Leaving Salem far behind me,
As I blindly onward prest,
Robbers strong and stern assailed me,
Who that dark ravine infest.

Of my treasure they bereft me,
Wounded me in heart and head ;
Naked, bleeding, faint, they left me,
Surely thinking I was dead.

Sad indeed was my condition,
Stripped of every hope I lay ;
Guilty, yet without contrition ;
Trembling, yet I could not pray.

Between Jerusalem and Jericho.

Moses passed me, but he only
Proved how helpless was my case ;
Aaron in his robes swept by me,
Saw—but slackened not his pace.

Prophets, Priests, Apostles, Martyrs,
Noble and triumphant throng,
Sympathized—but could not save me,
Kindly looked—but passed along.

Saints and Angels, all united,
Could not save—they all passed by ;
But, with love and joy, they pointed
Unto One Who now drew nigh.

Lo ! He comes, despised, rejected,
Angels' Lord, yet spurned by man ;
Sinners proud will have no dealings
With this scorned " Samaritan."

He beheld me, pitied, loved me,
Promptly to my succour ran,
And revealed Himself unto me—
CHRIST, THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Great Physician ! wounds the deepest
Thou hast skill and power to heal ;
O'er my bleeding soul Thou weepest,
True compassion Thou dost feel.

Between Jerusalem and Jericho.

Wine pour on me, probing, cleansing,
Though my wounds may smart with pain ;
Then, with healing oil anoint me ;
Pardoned, I'll rejoice again.

Wrap me in the spotless raiment
Of Thy righteousness complete ;
Though I ne'er can render payment,
Clothe me, Lord, from head to feet.

From the mire of sin uplift me,
All my woes and weakness bear ;
In Thyself, sole Refuge, hide me ;
All I need is treasured there.

Though, unseen, Thou often seemest
Like a traveller passed away,
Ever near me, Thou suppliest
All my wants from day to day.

Let me taste Thy love unceasing ;
Feed and clothe me, guard, console ;
Though my debt be still increasing,
Jesus has endorsed the whole.

When in glory Thou returnest,
Show that all demands are paid ;
Answer to the claims of Justice,
That my guilt on Thee is laid.

Between Jerusalem and Jericho.

From the inn, to Thine own Palace,
Then remove me, heavenly Friend !
Having pitied once and loved me,
Thou wilt love me to the end.

Then I'll sing with all the ransomed,
Sovereign Love's completed plan ;
And adore, with ceaseless rapture,
CHRIST, THE GOOD SAMARITAN !

PART II.

May the love of such a Saviour
Prompt me to the love of man ;
May I copy the behaviour
Of this good Samaritan.

May I be to all a neighbour,
Feel I *ought*, because I *can* ;
And for other's welfare labour
Like this Good Samaritan.

THOUGHTS AT THE LAKE OF GALILEE.

“He saw them toiling in rowing, for the wind was contrary unto them.”

THE night was very very dark,
Loud did the tempest roar ;
And big waves tossed the little bark
Back from the friendly shore.

The boatmen rowed with all their might,
They tried and tried again
Throughout that dark and dangerous night ;
Yet all their toil was vain.

But Jesus saw each angry wave,
Watchful and kind is He ;
And came, His trembling friends to save,
Walking along the sea.

Still more they feared the unknown Form
Crossing the billows high,
Till Jesus spake amidst the storm—
“Be not afraid, ’tis I !”

Thoughts at the Lake of Galilee.

O how did then their hearts rejoice,
And with fresh wonder fill,
When the wild storm obeyed His voice,
And winds and waves were still.

Thus when my soul is tempest-tost,
Dear Jesus, come to me ;
Let me not mid the waves be lost,
But calm the troubled sea.

Enter my boat, sit by my side,
Hold Thou my feeble hand ;
Then safely, swiftly, through the tide,
I'll reach the heavenly land.

MEMORIES OF A PALESTINE PILGRIMAGE. V.

THOUGHTS AT BETHANY.

“He went out of the city into Bethany ; and He lodged there.”

THE crest of Olivet concealed
A favoured little town from view,
Where bloomed bright flowers of the field,
And olive groves and palm trees grew ;
There Lazarus, Mary, Martha made
A home where Jesus often stayed :
O that the Lord would dwell with me,
As with His friends at Bethany !

The door they loved to open wide,
His first approach with joy to greet,
Their choicest offerings to provide,
Or sit and listen at His feet :
Like them I fain would always feel,
And learn by love, and serve with zeal :
Thus, help me, Lord, to welcome Thee,
As did Thy friends at Bethany !

Thoughts at Bethany.

The Son of God, adored above,
Yearning, as man, for friendship here,
Did Mary, Martha, Lazarus love ;
And still His human friends are dear :
Their smile is pleasing in His sight,
Their heart's response yields Him delight :
O may I thus give joy to Thee,
As did Thy friends at Bethany.

With more than brother's tender heart
He sympathized in all their grief ;
Of every sorrow bore a part,
In every trouble brought relief ;
With them He viewed where Lazarus slept,
And, with the weepers, Jesus wept :
Dear Friend of mourners ! comfort me,
As Thou didst them at Bethany.

Make me to know Thy wondrous name,
"THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE ;"
In change, decay, and death the same ;
My Victor-Champion in the strife :
To me Thy gracious word apply—
"He that believes shall never die ;"
And let Thy love be life to me,
As to Thy friends at Bethany.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

"O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me :
nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

FATHER, let this cup pass from me,
Filled to the brim with gall ;
To taste alone is misery,
How can I drink it all ?

I hold it with a trembling hand,
Amazement chills my heart ;
O let this cup, at Thy command,
This bitter cup depart.

Fiercer than torments flesh can know,
Are those the mind assail ;
The bloody sweat revealed a woe
Keener than scourge and nail.

If it be possible, O Lord,
Let this cup pass from me ;
Hear Thine own agonizing word
From dark Gethsemane.

Yet Father, not my will, but Thine,
Thy will alone be done ;
And make Thy loving purpose *mine*,
Through Jesus Christ, Thy Son.

SUNDAY MORNING ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

“This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven.”

JESUS, our risen, glorious Lord,
Ascended to Thy throne,
By saints and seraphim adored,
Monarch supreme, alone !
We laud Thy greatness, we adore,
But most we bless Thy *Name* ;
For Thou art what Thou wast before,
Our JESUS—still the same :

The same Who to the leper said,
And touched him—*Be thou clean* ;
The same Whose kind hand gently led
The blind man, poor and mean ;
The lonely widow's bleeding heart
His heart of pity knew ;
He touched the bier, bade death depart,
And her son lived anew :

"This same Jesus."

Who came with gentleness to call
The lost and wandering home ;
And toiled in kindly quest of all
From truth and heaven that roam ;
Whose feet the woman bathed with tears,
Who shielded her from shame,
Who spake her pardon, calmed her fears—
JESUS is still the same :

The same Who did the children call
To nestle in His breast ;
And bade the heavy laden, all,
Come unto Him for rest :
His title was the Sinner's Friend ;
To save the lost He came ;
His love will never never end,
JESUS is still the same :

The same Who sorrowed at the grave
Where His friend Lazarus slept ;
And godlike consolation gave,
While human tears He wept ;
And still He joins the funeral train,
And weeps with those that weep ;
And whispers, "*He shall rise again*"—
For death is only sleep.

" This same Jesus."

He shared our human misery,
Hunger He knew, and thirst ;
He groaned in dark Gethsemane,
His heart with sorrow burst ;
Our inward conflicts, yearnings, woes,
The frailty of our frame,
Our Brother felt, and still He knows,
And still remains the same :

The same Who bowed His head to die,
And stained the bitter cross
With streams of human agony
To compensate our loss ;
Who for His murderers did pray,
Nor uttered word of blame ;
JESUS ! our Advocate this day,
Unchangeably the same.

In human form heaven worships Thee
Still, God our nature shows ;
Our Brother not ashamed to be,
Mindful of human woes ;
As man He mounted to the sky,
E'en as a man He came ;
And soon again shall every eye
Behold Him, still the same.

"This same Jesus."

Thy sympathy, unchanging Friend,
Is strength, and joy, and rest ;
Thy love, till life's long toil shall end,
Makes e'en our sorrows blest ;
And when at last shall melt away
Creation's mighty frame,
We'll praise, through heaven's eternal day,
Our JESUS—still the same.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

A METRICAL PARAPHRASE; FOR TWO LITTLE NEPHEWS:
AFTER VISITING THE SUPPOSED BATTLE-FIELD.

PHILISTIA's mighty hosts were spread
Along the mountain side ;
And down the dale their chariots swept,
And horsemen fierce did ride.

Gath sent her giant, great and grim ;
Of Anak's sons was he :
His spear was like a weaver's beam,
Or as a tall pine tree.

Each morn he stalked the middle ground,
Which trembled as he trod :
And, brandishing his spear, defied
Israel, and Israel's God.

High up the opposing mountain slope
Were ranged the ranks of Saul,
Guarding the road to Israel's homes,
Against oppression's thrall.

David and Goliath.

But not a man in all their host
The challenge durst accept ;
Back from the giant's frown they shrank,
While fear upon them crept.

One day a ruddy shepherd lad
Came to the camp, to bring
Provisions to his brothers three,
Who fought for Ark and King.

His father's errand filled the heart
Of David with delight ;
For much he longed to see the camp,
And learn how heroes fight.

He heard Goliath's blasphemy,
And marked his haughty frown ;
And wondered none rushed forth to cast
The Pagan boaster down.

If no one else would do the deed,
A simple shepherd boy,
Armed with the might of Israel's God,
Would Israel's foe destroy.

"The Lord," said he, "by whom I slew
The lion and the bear,
Will help me, for His people's sake,
This boaster's blows to dare."

David and Goliath.

So down he went unto the brook,
And chose a pebble stone ;
And with his sling went forth to fight,
Trusting in God alone.

The giant scorned the simple lad
Who thus appeared in view,
And cursed him by his idol gods ;
And still his anger grew.

Young David said—" Thou meetest me
" With spear and shield and sword ;
" But I come forth to vanquish thee,
" Trusting in Israel's Lord."

One look of faith to heaven he sent,
Then slung his pebble round,
Which sank into the giant's head,
And stretched him on the ground.

In random rout the heathen host
Despairing turned to flee ;
While Israel swift pursued with shouts
Of joy, and victory.

O God of Israel ! strong to save,
Hear Thou my suppliant cry,
When Satan and the hosts of hell
The church of God defy.

David and Goliath.

I am but as a little child,
Yet will not yield to fear,
If Israel's God will be to me
Breastplate, and shield, and spear.

The simplest means ordained by Thee,
The pebble and the sling,
Wielded by faith shall win the day,
And giants prostrate fling.

Then unto Israel's God will I
Joyful hosannas raise ;
And, through a long eternity,
Will Christ the Conqueror praise.

O ye who wave the victor's palm,
And ye who still do fight ;
From palace-home, from battle-field,
Your voices all unite.

Loud hallelujah, glory, power,
To David's Lord be given !
'Tis He Who sends the victory ;
O praise Him—Earth and Heaven !

SUNDAY THOUGHTS IN THE LEBANON.

“I pray Thee let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon.”

WEARY with wandering o’er the sand,
Pining to reach the promised land,
My longed-for home at length so near,
This prayer, my Guide, my Father, hear.

Soon let me cross the stream and see
The land beyond that beckons me,
So fair above comparison,
“That goodly mountain Lebanon.”

I long to tread its fragrant fields,
To taste the ambrosial fruit it yields,
To rest beneath the tree of life,
From guilt and grief, from toil and strife.

I long to meet, to embrace once more,
Dear fellow-travellers gone before ;
With them rehearse our pilgrim ways,
And join again in Jesu’s praise.

"That goodly Mountain—Lebanon."

O that the goal were fully won,
That goodly, glorious Lebanon ;
Whose beauties never shall decay,
Whose treasures none can take away.

No lion fierce, no ravening bear,
No wily serpent harbours there ;
No murderous thief in ambush lies,
The incautious traveller to surprise.

No fierce sirocco's burning breath
Shall bring decay, disease, and death ;
No summer-drougths the fountains dry,
The streams flow everlastingly.

No locust-cloud shall dim the air,
Leaving the hopeful branches bare ;
No wintry frosts shall nip the bloom,
No blazing heat the crops consume.

Those stately cedars ne'er shall feel
The stroke of wasteful woodman's steel ;
Those peaceful pastures ne'er shall dread
The thunder of the foeman's tread.

Those heavenly heights I long to climb,
To reach those glittering peaks sublime,
Still up those shining slopes to press,
The mountain of God's holiness.

“ That goodly Mountain—Lebanon.”

There “ Carmel’s excellency ” blends
With all the charms that “ Sharon ” lends :
O for that never-setting Sun—
The “ Glory of ” that “ Lebanon ! ”

EPHESUS.

“Unto the angel of the Church of Ephesus write . . .
I have somewhat against thee.”

LORD ! hast Thou somewhat against *me* ?

Thou, Who dost know my works and heart ?
I cannot shroud my thoughts from Thee,
The Sun, from Whom all shades depart.

Somewhat against me ? Jesus—Thou
Who for my sins didst bleed and die ?
And Who art interceding now,
Preparing blissful seats on high ?

Pardon, and peace, and life I owe,
And all my joys and hopes to Thee ;
Thy love a ceaseless fount doth flow,
And hast Thou somewhat against *me* ?

Christ is no censor cold and stern,
Eager our faults alone to spy ;
He loves each virtue to discern,
Faith's smallest gift attracts His eye.

Ephesus.

I need not, with excusing breath,
Plead all His works of grace in me;
“ I know thy patience ”—Jesus saith—
“ Yet have I somewhat against thee.”

Help me, O Lord, myself to know,
And mourn my fault with grief sincere ;
Let tears that mean amendment flow,
Let fruits of penitence appear.

Show what Thou hast against me, Lord ;
Let me renounce whate'er it be
That merits Thy reproving word ;
O let me hate what grieveth Thee.

SKETCH OF A SERMON PREACHED ON
MARS' HILL, GOOD FRIDAY, 1870.

"I found an altar with this inscription, To the Unknown God.
Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

THOU *unknown God!* unknown, though near,
So near, that everyone in Thee
Doth live and move--at length appear,
Nor let us still in darkness be.
Open the eyes that sin hath closed,
Unstop the ear so heedless grown,
Renew the will to Heaven opposed,
And be no more a *God unknown*.

Help me to see, in Jesu's face,
The glory of the Father shine ;
Make me to feel Thy saving grace,
And humbly, surely, call Thee mine :
Within the veil Thy name impart,
Unto Thy children breathed alone ;
Thy covenant write upon my heart,
And God, as Love, henceforth be known.

Mars' Hill.

More than the outward ear has heard,
More than mere intellect can see,
The hidden treasures of Thy word
Show, by the Holy Ghost, to me :
Bear inward witness to the soul
That Thou art mine, and I Thine own ;
The length, the breadth, the wondrous whole—
Reveal to me Thy love unknown.

Bestow the joy unspeakable,
The peace of God, surpassing thought ;
Converse with heaven which none can tell,
Oneness with Thee by Jesus wrought :
And soon may I Thy glory see,
And bend before the sapphire throne ;
Thus now, and in eternity,
Be Thou my God, my Father known.

COMPOSED DURING A HURRICANE
ON THE ADRIATIC.

“Driven up and down in Adria.”

Tost with many a wave,
While the loud winds rave,
Sick and weary with the motion
Of the never-resting ocean,
Help from Heaven I crave.

Now I mount on high,
Now in gulfs I lie ;
Vainly toiling, fainting, weeping,
Hostile tempests o'er me sweeping,
Hear my suppliant cry !

Lord, I look to Thee ;
Thou didst make the sea ;
Thou didst calm the stormy billow,
Waking from Thy weary pillow ;
Calm the storm for me !

When the gale is high,
On the wave draw nigh ;
Meet my gaze of grateful wonder,
Let me hear amidst the thunder—
“Fear not, it is I.”

“Driven up and down in Adria.”

Through the storm and dark,
Be my soul's true Ark ;
 Though the hissing waves break o'er me,
 Thou hast felt their force before me ;
 Steer my quivering bark !

When the light grows less,
In my utmost stress,
 When the clouds of death shall darken,
 In the gloom of midnight hearken ;
 Help, and save, and bless.

Guide me swiftly o'er ;
Bring me safe to shore ;
 Storms all past, to me be given
 Thee to see and serve in heaven,
 Praising evermore.

MOUNTAIN THOUGHTS AT THE ÆGGISCHORN.

“Thy righteousness is like the great mountains.”

LORD of the mountains ! Thee I praise
Who didst the ancient hills upraise,
The furrowed cliffs that frown on high,
And granite peaks that pierce the sky.

The glaciers Thy dominion own,
The ice-domes are Thy glittering throne,
The avalanche-thunder is Thy voice,
Thou bid'st the torrents wild rejoice.

Thine are the reservoirs of snow,
Whence never-failing rivers flow
To fertilize, at Thy command,
In summer drought the level land.

Thou dost instruct the hardy pine
Between the rocks his roots to twine ;
The forests dark Thy praises show,
Guarding the cultured fields below.

Mountain Thoughts.

On pasture slopes of emerald green
Thy cattle feed, the firs between,
The chiming of whose tuneful bells
With worship fills the listening dells.

Thou showest to the eagle where
He may his cloud-veiled nest prepare ;
Thou dost preserve, for chamois fleet,
The tender, snow-nurst moss, to eat.

The whistle of the marmot shrill
Thou hearest from the storm-rent hill,
And the cicala's sunny glee
Was caused, is watched, and loved by Thee.

Under the thick-ribbed glacier's shade
Thou hast enamelled carpets laid ;
And given to the gentian blue
Its smiling, heaven-reflecting hue.

Thou, amidst precipices stern,
Wavest fair fronds of mountain fern ;
And, where the lightning leaves its scar,
Soft *edelweiss* reveals its star.

On rough moraine and dizzy steep,
Thy star-bespangled mosses creep :
These Alpine heights, if stern to view,
With Alpine flowers are lovely too.

Mountain Thoughts.

So full of wondrous mystery,
Of beauty, strength, sublimity,
In these great mountains, Lord, I trace
Types of Thy righteousness and grace :

Stainless as yonder fields of snow,
Fairer than fairest flowers that grow,
More musical than mountain rills,
More lasting than the ancient hills.

But who *these* heights sublime may scale ?
Vision alike and reason fail !
Who can explore *these* gulfs profound ?
Who measure *these* vast mountains round ?

Though clouds their awful crests conceal,
To faith their lower slopes reveal
The perfect wisdom, goodness, love,
Of Him who reigns supreme above.

God of the Mountains ! let me share
Thy righteousness and loving care ;
Secure, by Thine almighty word,
Beneath the shadow of the Lord.

Then, when the hills at Thy command
Shall melt away, my soul shall stand ;
Because THY RIGHTEOUSNESS, my plea,
Abideth everlastingly.

AT PONTRESINA.

AN ALPINE PRAYER.

AMID Thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Help me Thyself to see ;
Let mountain, glacier, torrent, flower,
Lift up my heart to Thee.

The Framer of those icy domes,
Who poured those torrents wild,
Is my unchanging, tender Friend,
And calls me His dear child.

I love to see my Father's power,
My Father's skill to trace ;
I love, 'mid rocks and fields, to know
The smiling of His face.

Enable me from all I view
Some holy truth to learn ;
Of duty or of privilege
Some emblem to discern.

As those great mountains pierce the sky,
So may my spirit soar
Above the mists of doubt and sin,
And in Thy light adore.

At Pontresina.

The rills that kindly quench my thirst,
So frequent, pure, and free,
Of living waters softly sing,
And bid me drink of Thee.

And like those flowers, of form so fair,
Of bright and lovely hue,
Clothed by Thy grace with holiness,
I would be lovely too.

Thus teach me both Thy books to know,
Thy works and wondrous love,
That all I view on earth below
May point to heaven above.

THE MOUNTAIN PATHS OF LIFE.

THOUGHTS WHILE CROSSING MONT CENIS IN
WINTER.

ALONG the mountain paths of life,
Over the pass with perils rife,
Christ is my hope mid toil and strife,
And none beside.

When wildest winds of winter blow,
Driving the thickly falling snow ;
When gather gloomiest clouds of woe,
With me abide.

When the deep drift conceals the way,
And death attends each step astray,
O Jesu ! hear me when I pray ;
Be Thou my Guide.

When treacherous ice o'erlays the ground,
When hangs the path o'er gulfs profound,
Cast Thy protecting arms around ;
Let me not slide.

The Mountain Paths of Life.

The threatening avalanche hold back,
Through the thick fog reveal the track,
Smile Thou amid the tempest-wrack,
Keep at my side.

When fails my heart with grief and fear,
Be Thou my Refuge, very near ;
Let me Thy voice of welcome hear,
And in Thee hide.

When bitter blasts the blood congeal,
When lost is e'en the power to feel,
In death's dark hour Thy love reveal ;
Thou—Thou hast died.

The mountain crossed, in restful bowers
Smiling with fruit and fadeless flowers,
I'll praise, with never-wearied powers,
My Saviour-Guide.

“THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS
IS HIS ALSO.”

SUNDAY AT GAVARNIE, IN THE PYRENEES.

THE strength of the hills is Thine !

Thine their foundations deep ;

In the glory of God their buttresses shine,

Thou buildest their bulwarks steep :

The strength of the hills is Thine !

Almighty Thy children to save ;

The strength of my God, my Father, is *mine* ;

Though weak, I may well be brave.

The strength of the hills is fair ;

Green valleys the cliffs enclose,

In the rifts of the rocks are flowers most rare,

On the steepest some lichen grows :

So, Mercy's the vestment of Might,

And Majesty mingles with Love ;

The mountains so strong, yet so fair to the sight,

Are a type of our Saviour above.

"The Strength of the Hills is His also."

How strong, yet how gentle was He—

The God, yet the Brother dear !

He who raised up the dead and rebuked the wild
sea,

Shed sympathy's holy tear.

Rock of Ages ! Thy goodness be ours ;

Like the hills be our righteousness strong ;

But strength clothed with beauty, the rock bearing
flowers,

The mountain all vocal with song.

ALONE ON THE MOUNTAINS.

“He went up into a mountain to pray.”

“I lift up my soul unto Thee.”

THIS temple, Lord, is all Thine own,
Made by Thy hands, and Thine alone ;
Man has not moulded aught that lies
Before these glad, enchanted eyes.

I stand here as on holy ground,
Where Thou, O Lord, revealed art found ;
My soul uplifted, seems to be
On wings unfolded borne to Thee.

I rise, I mount, I know that Thou
Art raising me to meet Thee now ;
Here Thou art near me—I adore—
Yet bow before Thee as I soar.

O God, I feel Thee here around,
Within, without, in every sound ;
These heights are angel-steps for me,
That I may higher climb to Thee.

Let me but touch Thee ere the cloud
Shall close again and all enshroud ;
O may this holy rapture last,
Without a shade by sin o'ercast.

Alone on the Mountains.

Yes! heaven is closer here to earth,
Its brightness fills my heart with mirth;
A joy that springs from meeting Thee,
A glimpse as of eternity.

It is not often, Lord, that I
Can thus feel mounting to the sky;
My soul but seldom breathes such air
As now is circling everywhere.

Yet must I to the earth descend,
Seeking more earnestly to blend
Devotion's rare uplifting power,
With every weak and shaded hour.

Teach me, O Lord, that evermore
The glory which I thus adore,
Reflected must be on the plain
By those who pray to mount again.

[H. M. M. H.]

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC DURING A GALE.

“ Exceedingly tossed with a tempest.”

CROSSING life's tempestuous ocean,
Lord ! I lift my prayer to Thee ;
Helpless mid the wild commotion,
Jesus, save and succour me :
Thou art stronger,
Stronger than the raging sea.

When the blinding fog surrounds me,
Doubling danger in the dark ;
When the howling gale confounds me,
When the waves sweep o'er my bark,
Jesus, save me !
Save as in Thy chosen ark.

When nor sun nor stars are shining,
And I cannot trace my way ;
When my heart for home is pining,
Hold my rudder, lest I stray :
Steer me, cheer me,
Cheer with hopes of cloudless day.

Crossing the Atlantic in a Gale.

Come ! and then delay is fleetness ;
Let me hear Thy voice—" I will ;"
Speak ! the storm-din then is sweetness ;
Saved am I by seeming ill :
Jesus whispers ;
Waves obey Him ! " Peace ! be still !"

See the longed-for shore appearing ;
Landed we shall shortly be ;
Wintry waves no longer fearing,
Yonder where is no more sea—
Hallelujah !
We will ever sing to Thee.

MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE OF LUGANO.

“There was a great calm.”

THE Moon is mirrored in the Lake
Which loves in her soft light to shine :
And all my soul I open wide
To bask in Thine.

The Mountains view their lovely forms
Reflected in the tranquil Mere :
So dwells in depths which Thou hast calmed,
Thine image dear.

No vapour dims the heavens above,
No cloud o’ershades the lovely scene :
Lord ! let no doubt, no moment’s mist
E’er intervene.

No voice disturbs the perfect peace,
No whisper breathes on lake or hill :
So, in Thy calm, the Babel world
Is hushed and still.

O blissful calm ! O Paradise !
Thy gift, O God, this radiant night :
And Thou hast turned my grief to joy,
My dark to light.

TRANSFORMATION.

SUGGESTED ON THE LAKE OF COMO.

THE view is perfect ! wood, stream, meadow smile
Their Maker's praise ·

My soul lies bare and desolate the while—
Dark all my days.

The valleys teem with fragrant flowers and fruit ;
Tribute to heaven :

In my dead soul no plant divine takes root ;
No tithe is given.

The clear, calm lake reflects the sun and stars,
Mirrored so fair :

But sin in me the glorious image mars—
God pictured there.

The mountains soar from earth ; they pierce the
And scale the skies : [clouds,

My soul lies grovelling ; sin's thick mist enshrouds ;
It cannot rise.

Restore the waste, O Lord ! forgive, renew ;
Then, nobler powers

With fairer forms will render service true,
And sweeter flowers ;

Transformation.

More fragrant incense than the fields exhale,
Lily or rose :
First-fruits, to vie with which all fruit must fail,
On earth that grows.

Clearer than mirrored sun and stars that shine
In waters blue,
My soul shall radiant be with light divine—
Reflection true.

Higher than mightiest hills that upward soar
My soul shall rise,
Piercing the clouds of sin, and evermore
Bask in the skies.

And when shall fade away field, mountain, lake—
My deathless soul,
God's paradise, His glory shall partake,
While ages roll.

DEATH-TRANSLATION.

AT VENICE AFTER SEEING TITIAN'S "ASSUMPTION."

"To depart and be with Christ is far better."

WEEP not for me—Rejoice !
I hear my Saviour's voice ;
He calls me from on high.
See ! through the opening sky,
Troops of bright angels making music sweet,
And pouring down my uncaged soul to greet.
Weep not for me !

These sorrow-streaming faces,
These agonised embraces,
Are all unfit for such an hour as this :
Rejoice ! it is my entrance into bliss.
Grudge not my deathless gain—
Soon we shall meet again—
Unloose your hands of love !

They draw me from above !
What beauteous forms appear !
What rapturous notes I hear !

Death-Translation.

No tongue the glory e'er can tell !
Dear friends, whom ne'er I loved so well,
For a brief hour we sever—
Soon to embrace for ever—
But now, I would no longer stay.

See ! See ! They beckon me away !
Farewell !

With Christ to dwell !
Farewell !

SOLACE IN NATURE AND FRIENDSHIP.

“God giveth us all things richly to enjoy.”

I THANK Thee, Lord, for glowing peak,
First heralding the dawn ;
I thank Thee for the daisy bright,
Whose smiles illumine the lawn.

I thank Thee for the ocean vast,
With all its crested waves ;
I thank Thee for the tinkling brook,
Forget-me-not that laves.

I thank Thee for the torrent's roar,
And thunder's awful voice ;
For blackbird, thrush, and nightingale,
Making the woods rejoice.

I thank Thee for an eye to see
The beauty all around,
And for a childlike heart that still
With nature's joy doth bound.

Such solace for a saddened heart
I prize as sent by Thee ;
But most of all I thank Thee, Lord,
For human sympathy.

Solace in Nature and Friendship.

For loving hearts, that, pure and warm,
 Beat in response with mine ;
For friendship's sacred ivy-leaves
 That closely intertwine.

Hush ! feeble words ; glad tears must tell
 My thanks for peace thus given ;
Loving and loved,—this brightens all,
 Blest sunbeam sent from heaven.

SUNSET ON THE ISLE OF ARRAN.

“At evening time it shall be light.”

(Adapted to the tune of “The Danube River.”)

CAN we forget that July night
On Arran’s Isle entrancing ?
We watched the fading opal light
On murmuring wavelets dancing :
We oft before had watched the shore,
But ne’er in years advancing,
Can memory slight that July night,
On Arran’s Isle entrancing.

Goat Fell rose purpling o’er the bay,
Alive with white sails shining ;
And Friendship watched the waning day,
Mind, heart, and soul entwining :
Human—Divine—life’s God-sent ray—
Such gift all joys enhancing,
Making so bright that July night,
On Arran’s Isle entrancing.

BUNKER HILL.

In memory of a public reception there in October, 1867.

BRAVE Bunker Hill ! we glory
In thy historic fame ;
Old England with New England,
Repeats with pride thy name.

Chorus—Then sing we will, brave Bunker Hill,
Together swell the voice ;
We both will say, we won the day,
And both, Hurrah ! rejoice.

'Twas British pluck that parried
Base mercenary blows ;
'Twas British freedom vanquished
Her oligarchic foes.

Chorus—Then sing we will, etc.

The British commonalty
Laid low the despot's pride ;
And Britain's noble loyalty
Unrighteous laws defied.

Chorus—Then sing we will, etc.

Bunker Hill.

There Truth, and Right, and Freedom,
The common cause of all,
Resisted wrong and thralldom,
And made oppression fall.

Chorus—Then sing we will, etc.

There's not a voice in Britain
That does not swell the strain ;
Two governments, one nation,
Grasp hands across the main.

Chorus—Then sing we will, brave Bunker Hill !
Together swell the voice ;
We both will say, we won the day,
And both, Hurrah ! rejoice.

ANGLO-AMERICAN ANTHEM.

On occasion of the Funeral Service of the late General Grant in
Westminster Abbey, August 4th, 1885.

God of the British race,
Enrich with heavenly grace
Our Empires twain.
One people—we and they,
To Christ, Whom both obey,
For brothers, sisters, pray,
Across the main.

We weep with those that weep ;
The stricken household keep ;
The people bless,
Virtue to emulate,
Union to cultivate,
Strong, happy, noble, great,
By righteousness.

Brave, generous, peaceful, free,
Let both our nations be,
And loving blend
Together in the van,
Blessing our brother-man,
As only freemen can,
Till time shall end.

Anglo-American Anthem.

God save the President,
Congress and Parliament,
 God save the Queen :
Our peoples bless, and bind
In one, with heart and mind,
A joy to all mankind.
 God save the Queen !

A HOLIDAY PSALM.

“All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord ; and Thy saints shall bless Thee.”

PRAISE God ! Creator, Saviour, Lord,
Upholding all things by His word ;
Now let our hearts unite to raise,
With all His works, a song of praise.

Praise God ! Who spread the azure sky,
And reared the swelling hills on high ;
Who taught the rivers where to flow,
And the great sea his bounds to know.

Praise God ! Whose pencil paints each flower,
Whose breath perfumes each fragrant bower,
Who decks the lily and the rose,
And nurtures every plant that grows.

Praise God ! Whose varied voice is heard
In murmuring rill, and song of bird ;
In ocean's roar, and summer breeze,
And soothing music of the trees.

Praise God ! Whose gifts the fields adorn,
Who clothes the vales with golden corn,
Who feeds the flocks on flowery hills,
And all His works with bounty fills.

A Holiday Psalm.

Praise God ! for health, and friends, and home ;
For joy and safety when we roam ;
For eyes to see, and hearts to feel
The love our Father's works reveal.

Praise God ! Who makes this world so fair,
That oft we fain would linger there ;
Praise God ! Who hath salvation given,
And brighter homes, through Christ, in Heaven.

THE PILGRIM'S PRAYER.

“Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.”

HOLD Thou me up, and then I shall be safe,
'Mid fiercest foes and waves that wildly chafe ;
In Satan's darkest, deadliest hour,
When most I feel the tempter's power,
Hold Thou me up !

Eternal God ! my Refuge from alarms,
Beneath me place Thine everlasting arms ;
Hold me, alone I cannot stand,
Hold me by Thine Almighty hand,
Hold Thou me up !

My Father ! hold Thy frail and foolish child,
So apt to fall, by sin so oft beguiled ;
I have no strength to cleave to *Thee* :
My hope is that *Thou* holdest *me* ;
Hold Thou me up !

Hold me, as babe the mother comforteth
With love's caress and pity's soothing breath ;
As the Good Shepherd safe doth hold
The sheep found wandering from the fold,
Hold Thou me up !

The Pilgrim's Prayer.

Hold me ; my faithful, sympathizing Friend ;
Thy hand to soothe, assure, and comfort lend ;
Hold Thou my feeble hand in Thine,
Thy hand, so human, yet Divine—
Hold Thou me up !

With hands that children blessed, and lepers healed,
And to the blind the light of heaven revealed ;
Hands bound with cruel cords for me,
And marked with scars from Calvary's tree,
Hold Thou me up !

'Mid daily toils and cares hold Thou me up ;
Support me while I drink woe's bitter cup ;
Embrace me with Thy circling arm,
Save me by love from every harm,
Hold Thou me up !

Hold me ; the ice my failing feet betrays ;
Hold me in valleys deep and dizzy ways ;
When bogs allure with treacherous green,
Or perils scare, too plainly seen,
Hold Thou me up !

At last, in death, hold Thou me up and save ;
Help me with songs to breast the threatening wave ;
I fear no evil at Thy side,
Hold me amid the surging tide,
Hold Thou me up !

The Pilgrim's Prayer.

Thus hold me up through all the way to heaven ;
Then unto Thee shall endless praise be given ;
Perfect in bliss, my boast will be
That I am still upheld by Thee,
Still held by Thee.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

“The redeemed of the Lord shall come with singing unto Zion.”

REJOICE, fellow-travellers ! banish your sighs ;
To the hills of Salvation with hope lift your eyes ;
And as ye press onward, exultingly sing
The love never changing of Jesus our King.

He waiteth to welcome His servants on high ;
He now, as we journey, is constantly nigh ;
Companion, Consoler, and Guide in the road
To mansions prepared for His people's abode.

Rocks, frowning afar, look kindlier near,
And smiling with flowers their fissures appear ;
On tracts the most barren bright mosses abound ;
With sorrows the saddest some comforts are found.

At times all advance is apparently closed
By valleys contracting, and cliffs interposed ;
But, as we go forward, the path opens out
To gardens of gladness, through defiles of doubt.

How pure and refreshing the life-giving rills,
As with silvery songs they leap down from the hills !
What vigour and gladness their waters impart
To the traveller, wearied and fainting in heart !

The Pilgrim's Song.

Choice fruits overhang, inviting the taste
Of all who to God and Jerusalem haste ;
The Rose and the Lily their sweetness exhale,
And the music of Heaven is borne on the gale.

The lions may roar, but those lions are chained ;
Apollyon may rage, but his wrath is restrained ;
Through the dark vale of conflict we'll sing as we
 fight,
Till the Mountains Delectable burst on our sight.

But when we look forward, what regions of light,
Bathed in tints of the rainbow, enravish the sight !
A Paradise teeming with beauties untold,
A city resplendent with jasper and gold.

No pestilence poisons the health-breathing air ;
No storms ever darken the scenery there ;
The heat never scorches, the frost never chills,
But perpetual spring clothes the valleys and hills.

'Tis holiness renders the city so bright ;
True secret of splendour, pure source of delight ;
Its gold and its jewels—its dignity, this—
The perfection of Love is the fulness of bliss.

The Pilgrim's Song.

Bright squadrons of Angels, in countless array,
Meet with Prophets and Martyrs, long since passed
away ;

The Saints of all ages, made perfect, are there ;
And the friends gone before us our welcome
prepare.

Then rejoice, fellow-travellers ! banish your sighs ;
To the hills of Salvation with hope lift your eyes ;
And as ye press onward, exultingly sing
The love never changing of Jesus our King.

THE PRIMROSE.

UNDER S. MARTIN'S HILL, SURREY.

"Consider the lilies, how they grow."

I LOVE the early primrose
That lightens up the lane,
So radiant in the sunshine,
So cheerful after rain ;
Good-bye to dreary winter
How gladly doth it sing,
And tells of milder weather,
And hopeful, happy Spring.

I wish that like the primrose
My life were always bright,
And shone in darkest pathways
With mild and constant light ;
I wish that I reflected
Each sun-ray from above,
I wish that 'neath the storm-cloud
I always smiled with love.

I wish that in the valley
As on the swelling hill,
Seen or unseen, with beauty
I did my task fulfil ;

The Primrose.

In life's retirèd copses
As in the garden gay,
Beside the forest foot-track
As by the broad high-way.

I would be ever showing
That winter's reign is o'er ;
A happy pledge and promise
Of joys for evermore ;
I would be like the primrose,
And sing in sun or shade,
Of spring that's everlasting,
Of flowers that never fade.

THE RUINED TEMPLE.

AT BOLTON ABBEY.

“ Know ye not that ye are the temple of God ? ”

LIKE some fair temple overthrown,
With broken arch and crumbling stone,
The soul, though reared by hands divine,
In ruin lies, a shattered shrine.

These walls now roofless, rent and bare,
Once echoed to the chanted prayer ;
And joyful strains of holy song
Sublimely rolled these aisles along.

Kindled and nourished from above,
The altar-flame of Faith and Love
Within the heart was burning bright,
Diffusing round its tranquil light.

But sin that sacred flame has quenched,
And from its base that altar wrenched ;
While reptiles foul and birds unclean
In that once holy place are seen.

The Ruined Temple.

Yet, though polluted and defaced,
Its pristine form may yet be traced ;
And, on its sculptured fragments, still
The Builder's name is legible.

Restore Thy ruined temple, Lord !
O speak the soul-transforming word ;
Thy cleansing blood can expiate,
Thy Holy Spirit new create.

Remove the deep and deadly stain
Of orgies dark, and rites profane ;
Bid lust, pride, selfishness depart,
Drive every idol from my heart.

Let sacrilegious foot no more
Presume to tread that temple-floor ;
Henceforth be no pollution found
To desecrate this holy ground.

Rebuild the altar, kindle there
The incense of habitual prayer ;
And let the sacrifice o' love
Accepted rise, through Christ above.

Let patient efforts to fulfil
Thy holy, wise, and gracious will,
A constant psalm of praise uplift,
More prized by Thee than pompous gift.

The Ruined Temple.

Let tower and pinnacle arise,
From earth up-soaring to the skies ;
And every thought and purpose be
An aspiration unto Thee.

Thus, Lord ! my ruined soul restore,
To be Thy home for evermore ;
A glorious, consecrated shrine,
Eternally, completely Thine !

ONWARD.

DURING A WALK IN A HURRICANE NEAR LLANDUDNO.

“Say unto the children of Israel that they go forward.”

ONWARD ! Christian pilgrim, go,
Though the wild winds rudely blow ;
Though the storm-clouds gather black,
Though the mist obscures the track,
Though the driving rain and hail
Make thy faith and courage quail,
Howso'er the tempests blow,
Onward, Christian pilgrim, go !

Now along the rocky shore
Angry waves tumultuous roar,
Flinging far their briny foam,
Dashing scorn on hopes of home ;
Though across the narrow way
Drives the hissing, blinding spray—
Though the billows fiercely flow,
Onward, Christian pilgrim, go !

Up, where rocks on rocks are piled,
Pressing through the prickly wild,
Leaping o'er the quivering bog,
Hasting through the thickening fog,

Onward.

Climbing up the dizzy steep,
Forward where the torrents leap,
Though the danger seems to grow—
Onward, Christian pilgrim, go !

Home and safety yonder see !
There they wait to welcome thee
Onward through the storm to calm,
Soon to win the victor's palm :
Brief the labour, long the rest ;
Scale the mansions of the blest ;
Leaving tempest-clouds below,
Upward ! Christian pilgrim, go.

STAR-LIGHT MUSINGS.

AT PENENDEN HEATH, 1836.

“As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His Mercy toward them that fear Him.”

IF light her pinions swift could lend,
That to yon star I might ascend,
And then, through space my path pursue
Till Earth should vanish from my view :—

If, pausing on the Milky Way,
I might, with wondering gaze, survey
The countless orbs which throng the sky,
Beyond the ken of mortal eye :—

Thence mounting, could I wing my flight
Through unknown realms of starry light,
Upward, still upward, till I found
The vast creation's farthest bound :—

The loftiest point I thus might gain
Would still leave all my efforts vain,
The length, and breadth, and height to scan
Of the Redeemer's love to man.

IN KENSAL GREEN CEMETERY.

“Blessed are the dead.”

How blest are they who peaceful sleep !
The long and sad life-struggle o'er ;
Who neither toil, nor fight, nor weep ;
Who fear, and faint, and fall no more.

From darkness, doubt, and care released ;
From sin, and all temptation free ;
On fruits of Paradise they feast,
And Jesus in His glory see.

Why should I cling to life on earth,
With blighted hopes and yearnings vain,
Where mourning swiftly follows mirth,
And pleasures all are mixed with pain ?

O for the home of joy above !
Its sacred calm, its holy rest ;
Where souls are linked in perfect love,
And with their Lord are ever blest.

MAN VITAL, MORE THAN MORTAL.

“For me to live is Christ.”

LIFE is wasted if we spend it
Idly dreaming how to die ;
Study how to *use*, not *end* it ;
Work to finish, not to fly.

Godly living—best preparing
For a life with God above :
Work ! and banish anxious caring ;
Death ne'er comes to active love.

Death is but an opening portal
Out of life to life on high :
Man is vital, more than mortal,
Meant to live, not doomed to die.

Praise for present mercies giving,
With good works your age endow ;
Death defy by Christlike living,
Heaven attain by service now.

MORNING VOICES.

“Cause me to hear Thy lovingkindness in the morning.”

'Tis sweet, when morn begins to break,
By morn's own music to awake ;
Hearing the sigh of trembling trees
That whisper to the whispering breeze ;
The matin song of lark that soars
And at heaven's gate its rapture pours ;
The blackbird's mellow, tender note,
Response from many a tiny throat,
Till the full chorus of the grove
Bursts forth to praise the God of love :
But sweeter far at morn to hear
Thy lovingkindness, soft and clear.

When sleep's brief death departs with dawn,
And night's dark curtain is withdrawn,
How doth each faithful heart rejoice
To hear a friend's saluting voice ;
How blest in proof of love and life,
Greeting of husband and of wife ;
How musical to parents' ear
The treble tones of children dear ;

Morning Voices.

How sweet the mother's love exprest
To babe that nestles in her breast ;
But sweeter far at morn to hear
Thy lovingkindness, soft and clear.

Cause me, each morning, then to hear
Thy lovingkindness, Father dear !
Though oft forgetful, wayward, wild,
Assure me I am still Thy child ;
Tell me my sins are all forgiven ;
Bid me anew press on for heaven ;
O let Thy love my will control ;
Counsel, instruct, direct, console ;
Say—soon as dawn salutes the sight—
“ I am Thy everlasting light ” ;
Thus every morning let me hear
Thy lovingkindness, soft and clear.

THE CHILD AND THE FATHER.

“God is my portion for ever.”

MY Father ! let Thy foolish child complain :
It seems as if to pray and hope were vain.

“O foolish child, can it be vain to pray,
And converse hold with Me from day to day ?”

But no response my earnest cry receives ;
The gift refused, my baffled spirit grieves.

“Impatient child ! the gift is but delayed,
That when bestowed more helpful may be made.”

But oft the approaching boon I fondly crave
Is backward carried by the mocking wave.

“The toy, poor child, that so delights thine eye,
Would wound thy soul, and cause long misery.”

But in the dark I hear no answering voice ;
No friend appears, to bid my heart rejoice.

“O doubting child, that Friend Divine is near ;
Cease those complaints, and then His voice
thou’lt hear.”

The Child and the Father.

But they who seek not God, nor do His will,
Their hopes accomplish, and their garner fill.

“Thy God they know not, seek not, nor obey;
They have no hope. And would'st thou be as
they?”

O for some proof that godliness brings gain!
Surely, I've cleansed my hands and heart in vain.

“But godliness itself is glory given,
And to be clean in hands and heart is heaven.”

Father! Thy blind and foolish child forgive;
I have Thyself; else 'twere not life to live.

On earth, in heaven, whom have I, Lord, but
Thee?

Whom else need I desire eternally?

“MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.”

“Commit thy way unto the Lord.”

“Your Heavenly Father knoweth.”

My times are in Thy hand :

I know not what a day

Or fleeting hour may bring to me,

But I am safe while trusting Thee,

Should all things fade away.

All weakness, I

On Him rely

Who fixed the earth, and spread the starry sky.

My times are in Thy hand :

Pale poverty or wealth,

Corroding care or calm repose,

Spring's balmy breath or winter's snows,

Sickness or buoyant health—

Whate'er betide,

If God provide,

'Tis for the best ; I wish no lot beside.

"My Times are in Thy Hand."

My times are in Thy hand :
Should friendship pure illumine
And strew my path with fairest flowers,
Or should I spend life's dreary hours
In solitude's dark gloom—
Thou art a Friend,
Till time shall end,
Unchangeable, in Thee all beauties blend.

My times are in Thy hand :
Many or few my days,
I leave with Thee—this only pray,
That by Thy grace, I, every day
Devoting to Thy praise,
May ready be
To welcome Thee,
Whene'er Thou com'st to set my spirit free.

My times are in Thy hand :
Howe'er those times may end—
Sudden or slow my soul's release,
Mid anguish, frenzy, or in peace,
I'm safe with Christ my Friend :
If He is nigh,
Howe'er I die,
'Twill be the dawn of heavenly ecstasy.

"My Times are in Thy Hand."

My times are in Thy hand :
To Thee I can entrust
My slumbering clay, till Thy command
Bids all the dead before Thee stand,
Awaking from the dust.
Beholding Thee,
What bliss 'twill be
With all Thy saints to spend eternity !

July, 1842.

THE GOD OF OUR FATHERS.

“ Our fathers have told us what things Thou didst in their days,
and in the old time before them.”

JEHOVAH, Who to saints of old
Did oft His wondrous power unfold,
And help in utmost peril gave,
Is still as near and strong to save.

The ark amidst the furious flood
Securely rode, preserved by God ;
And, mid the wildest waves of care,
I cannot sink, if Thou be there.

Though, as a stranger, I may roam,
With Jacob's God I'm still at home ;
And, from each stony bed, doth rise
A radiant ladder to the skies.

In Egypt's bondage Thou art near,
The sighs of Israel Thou dost hear ;
And, while Thy plagues reach every foe,
Angels each blood-stained lintel know.

The God of our Fathers.

Thou, by a word, canst open wide
A pathway through the threatening tide ;
And, whelmed beneath the surging sea,
Shall Pharaoh's chosen chariots be.

The barren rock shall yield supplies,
Pure fountains from its clefts shall rise,
Thy people shall be daily fed
In deserts wild, with heavenly bread.

When cast into the lion's den,
Or made the sport of fiercer men,
The lion's mouth Thy hand will close,
And guard me safe from all my foes.

When Satan's army gathers near,
When fails my fainting heart with fear,
Open Thy servant's eyes to see
The hosts of God, how strong they be.

He Who till now has been our Friend
Will guide us safely to the end,
And land us on that peaceful shore
Where fears and foes afflict no more.

To God then let us joyful raise—
Our father's God—a song of praise ;
And to our children tell His fame
Whose love is changelessly the same.

FAR BETTER.

“To be with Christ.”

To be with Christ,—O glorious hope
What other joy with this may cope ?

The brightest star
That gleams in this world's night is dim,
Earth's bliss is mean—to be with Him
Is better far,

Better than riches, power, and fame,
Better than wearing proudest name,
Is Christ to see ;

To feel the assurance of His love,
And thus to share the joys above,
With Him to be.

To be with Christ, is better now,
Though pain and anguish cloud the brow,
Than worlds to own :
Better with Him to toil and fight,
To fast through longest, darkest night,
Than feast alone.

O how much better still to be
With Christ, from sin and sorrow free,
In Heaven our home !
To see His face, His glory share,
And from His blissful Presence there
No more to roam.

PRAYER ANSWERED IN DISAPPOINTMENT.

"ONE jewel more"—I asked, "to make me glad ;"

He took the one I had.

"Come quickly, Lord ! and heal this wounded heart ;"

Still more He made it smart.

"At length from trouble bid my soul repose ;"

Yet thicker came the blows.

"Grant me a life of active zeal," I said ;

He laid me on sick-bed.

I asked to soar in sunlight as the lark,

But groped on, dull and dark.

"At least give peace in victory over sin ;"

More loud grew battle's din.

"O let me rest with Thee in pastures green !"

Only steep crags are seen.

"Why with keen knife, dear Lord, dost prune me so ?"

"That richer fruits may grow !"

"Why in my portion mix such bitter leaven ?"

"To fit thee more for heaven."

"Lord, take Thy way with me, Thy way, not mine."

"My child ! all things are thine—

All in the end, though grievous, shall prove best,

And then—eternal rest."

THE BROTHER IN ADVERSITY.

“Touched with the feeling of our infirmities.”

WHEN crushed with care, and sunk in woe,
To whom for comfort can I go,
 But, dearest Lord, to Thee ?
In all my griefs Thou hast a part,
And in Thy large and loving heart
 There is a place for me.

O Jesu ! Brother, Friend divine,
Within my lonely dungeon shine ;
 Out of the depths I cry :
Let me not sink in dark despair,
Help me my heavy load to bear,
 Show me that Thou art nigh.

The furnace fierce I will not fear
If Thy consoling voice I hear ;
 The flame will not consume ;
The darkest night will turn to day,
Its fearful phantoms fade away,
 If Thou the gulf illumine.

The Brother in Adversity.

Amid the toil, the daily strife,
The bitter, bitter pains of life,
 Hold Thou my drooping head ;
Be Thou my constant, tender Friend,
Console, preserve me to the end,
 Stand near my dying bed.

Increase my faith, and give me grace
Thy love to trust, when least I trace
 Thy loving, faultless plan ;
Make me by grief for glory meet—
Howe'er Thou wilt—in me complete
 The work Thy love began.

Come quickly, Lord ! and let me rest
From sin and sorrow, ever blest
 At home, in heaven, with Thee :
Then will I praise Thee as I ought
For these brief woes, o'er-ruled, that wrought
 Such blest Eternity.

WHY CAST DOWN ?

“ Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? ”

WHY art thou cast down, my soul ?
All thy cares on Jesus roll ;
He Who bore thy sins for thee,
Will not from thy sorrows flee.

Why cast down ? Hope thou in God ;
Love's own hand uplifts the rod ;
Wisdom guides each painful blow,
All things work for good, we know.

Why art thou cast down, my soul ?
Jesus Christ hath made thee whole :
Art thou tempted ? He can save ;
Fearing death ? He spoiled the grave.

Why amid the darkness fear ?
Thy protecting Lord is near :
Why should fiercest foes alarm ?
He will shelter thee from harm.

Why cast down ? To thee are given
Name and heritage in heaven :
Angels guard thee—do not fear ;
Thou unto their Lord art dear.

Why Cast Down ?

Why cast down with such a Friend ?
He will love thee to the end,
Guide and guard thee all thy way,
Bring thee to unclouded day.

Soon, all doubt and sadness o'er,
Safe on Canaan's peaceful shore,
Joyful, grateful thou shalt raise,
For brief sorrow, endless praise.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.”

JESUS ! my Shepherd, strong to save,
Whose love Thyself for sinners gave,
In death's dark vale if Thou art near,
Weak though I be, no ill I fear.

Where thickets dense o'erhang the way,
With lions lurking for their prey ;
Where fiercer men and forms of hell,
In wait for souls malignant dwell ;

Where not one straggling ray of light
Pierces the funeral pall of night ;
Where every moment of the gloom
Threatens some sadder, deadlier doom ;

E'en here the Shepherd's marks I feel,
And still Thyself Thou dost reveal ;
For Thou hast walked this very way,
And Thou art with me, Lord, to-day.

The Shadow of Death.

Thy voice of sympathy I hear,
My Brother, Thou art very near ;
Thy hand is gently laid on mine,
My faith, responsive, claspeth Thine.

Thy wounds, Thy bleeding side I see,
Thy rod, Thy staff, they comfort me ;
Thy human love, Thy cross, Thy crown,
Thy cruel shame, Thy great renown.

If Thou art near, my Shepherd, Guide,
No evil can my soul betide ;
The darkest valley leads to light,
Grief trains for glory ever bright :

And when I reach the stream called death,
I'll triumph in what Jesus saith—
“ The Resurrection-Life am I,
He that believes shall never die.”

THY WAY IS BEST.

“Father, not my will, but Thine be done.”

THY way, O Lord ! Thy way—not mine ;
Although, opprest,
For smoother, sunnier paths I pine,
Thy way is best.

Though crossing thirsty deserts drear,
Or mountain's crest ;
Although I faint with toil and fear,
Thy way is best.

Though not one open door befriend
The passing guest ;
Though night its darkest terror lend,
Thy way is best.

So seeming wild without a plan,
Now east, now west,
Joys born and slain, hopes blighted, *can*
Thy way be best ?

Thy Way is Best.

My soul by grief seems not to be
More pure and blest ;
Alas ! I cannot, cannot see
Thy way is best.

I cannot see—on every hand
By anguish prest,
In vain I try to *understand*
Thy way is best.

But I *believe*—Thy life and death,
Thy love attest,
And every promise clearly saith—
“ Thy way is best.”

I cannot see—but I believe ;
If heavenly rest
Is reached by roads where most I grieve,
Thy way is best.

THE CONTRAST.

“Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.”

THE fairest flower that ever bloomed
Must droop and die ; the brightest day
In evening gloom shall fade away ;
To death each earth-born joy is doomed.

Wealth, faithless flatterer, soon takes wing ;
Or, where it lingers, cannot feed
The immortal spirit's mighty need ;
The golden sheath oft hides a sting.

Mirth is a bubble soon to burst ;
Friends most beloved may prove unkind ;
Death will the closest ties unbind ;
Our best delights by sin are curst.

There is a flower which ne'er can fade ;
A priceless treasure none can steal ;
A balm which every wound can heal ;
A hope on sure foundations laid.

The Contrast.

There is a Friend—Life, Love, His name—
Who cannot faint, or fail, or die ;
But, strong to help, is always nigh ;
In grief and gladness still the same.

There is a home in Heaven above,
Where kindred souls ne'er part again ;
But, free from death, sin, care, and pain,
Dwell with this Friend in perfect love.

THE IMPORTUNATE WIDOW.

“ Always to pray and not to faint.”

O RIGHTEOUS JUDGE ! our Father dear,
Thine own elect, Thy children hear ;
By night and day Thy help we crave ;
From sin, our adversary, save.

All-merciful and true art Thou ;
Love is the circlet of Thy brow ;
Though worlds may fail, Thy word is sure,
Thy grace for ever must endure.

The wicked ruler, selfish, hard,
For God, for man, had no regard ;
Yet that he might not wearied be
Yielded to importunity :

Much more wilt Thou, the suppliant's friend,
Whose name is Love, my woes attend :
Our prayers are pleasing in Thy sight,
To save the lost is Thy delight.

Not as the widow, poor, unknown,
Unbidden—bow we at Thy throne ;
For we are kings and priests of Thine,
Friends, children, urging pleas divine.

The Importunate Widow.

Uncalled she came, and yet was heard ;
We come, encouraged by Thy word :
By Thee commanded not to fear,
We come with filial boldness near.

Her own request the widow urged ;
Our cause in Thine, O God, is merged :
For when we ask the avenging blow,
Not merely ours, but Thine the foe.

Alone the widow pressed her plea,
But God's own Son doth plead with me ;
Stands at my side the while I pray,
And Him the Father hears alway.

Lord ! if the widow gained her suit,
Thou canst not to my prayer be mute ;
My hopes can ne'er by Thee be checked,
Thou must avenge Thine own elect.

Avenge me speedily ! o'erthrow
My doubts and sins—destroy each foe—
Complete Thy work—give perfect peace—
And bid my anxious conflict cease.

If e'er it seem Tho waitest long,
Thus tune my harp for sweeter song ;
Love may defer, but ne'er forget ;
Thy heart is on my welfare set.

The Importunate Widow.

Are pleas like mine too urgent, Lord ?
They are Thine own most gracious word ;
Thus hast Thou taught the weakest saint
Always to pray and not to faint.

Help, Lord ! O help my unbelief ;
Increase my faith midst gathering grief ;
Thus aided—till my life's last day
I'll never faint, but always pray.

WHY PRAY? AN ARGUMENT.

“In everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.”

WHY pray? As if each small affair
Of little man might claim the care
Of Him Who reigns in boundless state!

If not—is He so great?

But *can* the God Who guides the sphere
Of universal Nature, hear
As if I only were in sight?

Is He not infinite?

But how shall He Who ruleth all,
Who guards the great, observe the small,
How *can* He tend each single soul?

If not—how rule the whole?

But if my prayer He *can* thus hear,
Say—*will* He deign to bend His ear?
Give me some proof more strong than creeds!

Thy heart within thee pleads.

Why Pray? An Argument.

But is there proof in mere desire
For that to which my hopes aspire?
May I thus trust my nature weak?

'Tis God in thee doth speak :

*From God that heavenly instinct came ;
He wrote on thee His holy name ;
That conscious need, those yearnings strong,
He gave, and will not wrong.*

THE FADING LEAF.

“ We all do fade as a leaf.”

OUR life, how frail it is !
Changeful and brief.
Spring, summer, fly—then we
Fade as a leaf.

Why should a thought like this
Minister grief,
If we our end fulfil,
E'en as a leaf ?

Then, brightening at the close,
Hoping relief
From sorrow, sin, and care,
Fade as a leaf.

Brief winter ; fadeless spring ;
Blissful belief !
This is our *joy*, that we
Fade as a leaf.

Of all our aims in life
This then be chief—
Ripe, hopeful, bright, that we
Fade as a leaf.

ECHO.

SAY, Echo ! where is joy with no sad leaven ?

Heaven !

Heavy the griefs that work out such delight.

Light !

Too great the cost, the flesh to crucify.

Fie !

Satan hath Destiny for strong ally.

A lie !

They say sin's sweet and safe—and I believe it.

Leave it !

I cannot, will not leave the soil I grew in.

Ruin !

Honour and ease I'll not exchange for shame.

For shame !

After such toil must I lose all again ?

A gain !

I think I'm good enough, in word, in deed.

Indeed ?

You doubt it, Echo ! wisdom much you need.

You need !

Say ! must I first all doctrine rightly know ?

No !

How keep myself from falling, Satan's prey ?

Pray !

Echo.

And will God hear me if to Him I cry ?

Aye !

And will He help if I to Him complain ?

Plain !

Shall I succeed if I by prayer endeavour ?

Ever !

I'll work, I'll fight, my weapons shall not rust !

Trust !

NOW !

“ Behold now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.”

CAN the farmer hope to gain
Precious crops of golden grain,
If he idly, day by day,
All the seed-time dreams away ?
Rouse thee, soul ! redeem the past ;
Harvest time is coming fast ;
Through the fallow drive the plough—
Wouldst thou reap ? be sowing NOW !

Canst thou safe in port arrive
If thy ship at random drive ?
Spread thy sail, fair blows the breeze,
Now the favouring moment seize !
Wouldst thou hear the word—“ Well done ” ?
Be the labour now begun !
Wouldst thou bind around thy brow
Victory's wreath ? take helmet NOW !

Time's swift tide is surging o'er
Life's contracting, sinking shore ;
Be thy guilt however great,
Now be saved—'tis not too late.

Now !

Yet beware, lest mercy's day
Soon will all have passed away :
If thou wouldst escape, allow
Not a moment's slumber NOW.

Though repulsed so oft before,
Jesus knocketh at the door,
Bearing gifts untold, divine,
Treasures which may now be thine :
Wilt thou rudely from thee send
Such a generous, patient Friend ?
Still He waiteth—wilt not thou
Welcome, worship, serve Him NOW ?

PLEA FOR THE WANDERING.

“Considering thyself lest thou also be tempted.”

PITY the wandering—O ! the bitter strife,
The shame, the fear, the anguish of their life.

Pray for the wandering—Jesus prays for *thee* ;
If He should weary grow, where wouldst *thou* be ?

Bear with the wandering, far as hope can go ;
Perhaps their foes were more than thou canst
know.

Plead for the wandering—Law on Love will smile,
If pity prompt, not license thee beguile.

Console the wandering—theirs is grief indeed ;
For those forsaken, be a friend in need.

Assist the wandering—thou mayst need a hand,
For thou mayst fall, who firmly now dost stand.

Be patient with the wandering—God with thee
Is patient, not from sin art *thou* quite free.

Seek out the wandering—love them, succour lend,
And thus resemble Christ, the wanderer's Friend.

Plea for the Wandering.

Reclaim the wandering—thou hast been reclaimed,
And Jesus sought thee, found thee, cheered, though
blamed.

O save the wandering—bliss indeed 'twill be,
With souls thus won, to spend eternity.

GROWTH FROM WITHIN.

“ Christ liveth in me.”

THE sports that childhood's hours beguiled,
Could only satisfy the child ;

 The man they fail to please :
And he who heavenly comfort knows,
The toys of worldliness outgrows ;
 Their vanity he sees.

The lamps which gaily deck the night,
Grow pale, and vanish from the sight,
 Quenched by the orb of day :
And earthly pomps no longer shine,
When Christ, the soul's true Sun divine,
 Our darkness drives away.

As wintry trees which cannot shed
Their withered foliage, dry and dead,
 Until new buds appear ;
So, we shall ne'er cast off our sin,
But by new life at work within—
 Faith, Hope, and Love sincere.

Growth from Within.

The barren branch is barren still,
Though on each twig, with rarest skill,
 We tie on flowers and fruit ;
And all in vain we toil and strive
By outward works to seem alive,
 If lifeless at the root.

Giver of Life ! my heart renew,
That I may render service true,
 The outgrowth of the soul :
Let love to Thee false love expel,
And folly find no room to dwell,
 Where Christ pervades the whole.

PARTED BUT PRAYING FRIENDS.

"Helping together by prayer."

"I thank my God upon every remembrance of you, always in every prayer of mine for you, making request with joy."

THOUGH absent, near ; felt, though unseen ;
When hearts are one naught comes between ;
Time, distance, darkness—what can sever ?
Friendship, if true, endures for ever.

All things that boast celestial birth
Soar upward from the bounds of Earth ;
Howe'er apart they seem to roam,
Uniting in their mutual home.

The drops that fall in fertile rain
Meet in the clouds of heaven again ;
Drawn by their central sun they rise
Embracing in their native skies.

So Friendship, that oft parted seems,
Flowing in far divergent streams,
May hold blest intercourse above,
Communing through the Source of love.

Parted but Praying Friends.

O matchless Friend ! O Brother dear !
My prayer for friends far parted hear ;
Their forms beloved I cannot see,
But I can reach them, Lord, through Thee.

I watch the face that on them shines,
I touch the arm that round them twines,
I listen to the gracious voice
That makes my absent friends rejoice.

O that, responsive to my love,
Some blessing from our Friend above
On friends below might now descend,
And thus our prayers and praises blend.

If now their face be wet with tears,
If now their heart be tossed with fears,
Thus let me wipe those tears away,
And turn wild night to tranquil day.

If ambushed archer aims his dart,
My prayer may shield th' imperilled part ;
And, in the weary mountain-land,
May, to the faint, lend helping hand.

E'en so, when my own fears are quelled,
My feeble, faltering steps upheld,
My sorrows soothed with balm from heaven,
And blessings unexpected given—

Parted but Praying Friends.

When in temptation's darkest hour
I feel sustained by sudden power,
And, 'mid the tempest, hear a voice
Whisper, "Fear not, 'tis I, rejoice!"—

'Tis sweet to think my Father's care
Responds to love's effectual prayer,
And that the friend I cannot see
Moves thus the Hand that helpeth me.

O for the blissful home on high,
Where friends endeared are always nigh ;
Soul linked with soul in full accord,
One with each other and their Lord ;

Where, freed from trammels of the earth,
In that pure region of her birth,
Friendship asserts her right divine
In God's own light undimmed to shine.

He will be seen in every face ;
Felt in each holy, fond embrace ;
Heard in each dear responsive voice ;
Loved more, the more we so rejoice.

Thus love of God and love of friends
Will swell a song that never ends :
All praise to Friendship's Source be given,
For God is Love, and Love is Heaven.

FRIENDSHIP.

“Without ceasing I have remembrance of thee in my prayers,
night and day.”

FRIENDSHIP, when born of reverence sincere,
And fed by sympathy of smile and tear,
By kindred tastes, one faith, one hope, is love
That antedates the joys of heaven above.

Though friends in pilgrim-paths may rarely meet,
And barriers stern forbid communion sweet,
Less bitterly the loss they will deplore,
If, when they meet the less, they pray the more.

True friendship, pointing to its native sky,
The bonds that check mere passion doth defy ;
Love will lose nothing of its priceless store,
If they who meet the less, will pray the more.

In heaven's pure light the tree more straight doth
grow ;
Merged in some mighty tide streams swifter flow ;
And friendship grows more stedfast than before,
When they who meet the less, do pray the more.

IN A STRAIT BETWIXT TWO.

"I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better : nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful for you."

I LOVE my home below,
The pleasant scenes of earth,
The nooks I so well know,
Dear country of my birth ;
But there's a home on high,
More beautiful and bright ;
No tempests cloud the sky,
The day ne'er sets in night.

How 'strong the cords that bind
Kindred and bosom friend !
Blest sympathy of mind,
When thought and feeling blend ;
But heaven has other friends
Who beckon me to go ;
Their circle still *extends*,
While *lessens* this below.

In a Strait betwixt Two.

Thy presence, Lord ! how sweet,
How blissful, though unseen,
When with Thy saints we meet,
Or, lonely, on Thee lean ;
But these delights how brief,
Hindered by sin and care ;
How seldom such relief
Our wearied spirits share.

O to behold Thee shine,
For ever, where Thou art ;
To know Thee always mine,
And never more depart ;
To gain the prize long sought,
Thy perfect image share,
To love Thee as I ought—
'Tis better to be *there* ;

Far better to depart
And with my Lord to be :
But—if by toil and smart
I still may honour Thee ;
If to the least^r of Thine
I may some service do
I would my wish resign,
In happy "*strait 'twixt two.*"

TO LIVE FOR CHRIST IS GLORY.

“ For me to live is Christ, to die is gain.”

WE will not pine for death and rest,
Too soon from service breaking ;
Fruit plucked unripe can ne’er be blest,
Our task beneath forsaking :
Not till the course is run,
Our Leader says, “ Well done !”
Not till the conflict’s borne,
The chaplet can be worn ;
The Cross, the Crown is making !

Our life on earth has tender ties
We should not wish to sever :
Rich works of faith, sweet charities,
Which soon must cease for ever :
To watch, and weep, and wait,
By love to conquer hate,
The flesh in curb to keep,
To rescue wandering sheep—
How noble such endeavour !

To Live for Christ is Glory.

'Tis gain if Jesus bids us die,
 When young, mature, or hoary ;
'Tis loss to wish the fight to fly,
 Foreclosing life's bright story :
To battle for His laws,
To suffer for His cause,
To share His grief and shame,
To vindicate His name—
 To live for Christ is glory.

*HYMNS FOR
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.*

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XXXIV.

I'LL bless the Lord at all times,
His praises I'll proclaim ;
In summer calm and tempest,
His love is still the same :
In Him I'll boast and glory ;
Let all His saints rejoice ;
Him magnify together,
With loud and cheerful voice.

I sought the Lord—He heard me,
And saved me from my fears :
This poor man cried—He listened,
And wiped away his tears :
God's angel strong encampeth
Round those who fear His Name ;
From every foe defendeth,
And shields from hurt and shame.

Paraphrase of Psalm XXXIV.

O taste and see how gracious
The Lord is to His own ;
How safe are they who shelter
Beneath His glorious throne.
O trust the Lord, and fear Him,
And you shall nothing dread ;
The lions fierce may hunger,
Ye never shall lack bread.

Come unto Me, ye children,
And heavenly wisdom learn ;
Come ye, whose thirst for pleasure
With unquenched flame doth burn ;
Obey the Lord in all things,
Control both heart and tongue ;
Be ever peace pursuing,
Do good and hate all wrong.

Love watcheth well the righteous,
Love listens to their cry ;
And only frowns on rebels
Who spurn that love and die :
From manifold afflictions
His chosen flock He brings,
And e'en the desert dreary
With Hallelujah rings !

Paraphrase of Psalm XXXIV.

To all of broken spirit
A pitying Father's nigh ;
He saveth all the contrite,
He hears the mourner's cry :
His servants He redeemeth,
And will for ever save
From sin and condemnation,
From Satan and the grave.

Not one of all who trust Him
Shall find His promise vain ;
The feeblest of His servants
Shall reap eternal gain :
Then bless the Lord at all times,
Nor let His praises cease ;
Praise Him 'mid din of battle,
Praise Him in time of peace.

I'll bless the Lord at all times,
In darkness as in day ;
I'll sing glad Hallelujahs,
All through my pilgrim way :
Until I cross the river
I'll sing my Saviour's praise ;
And then, in heaven for ever,
An endless song I'll raise.

PRAISE AT ALL TIMES.

“In every thing give thanks.”

At all times praise the Lord,
Nor cease to bless His name ;
At all times trust His word,
His love is still the same.

Praise Him when joys abound,
Nor less when tears o'erflow ;
In what seems barren ground,
His choicest fruits may grow.

Praise Him in darkest night,
'Mid spectral doubts and fears ;
He is thy soul's true light,
He for thy help appears.

Praise Him 'mid threatening foes,
And darts that never cease ;
His shield before thee goes,
He is Himself thy Peace.

Praise at all Times.

The wound brings heavenly balm,
The dawn is near the dark ;
More quickly unto calm
The tempest drives the bark.

Then always praise the Lord,
For He is ever kind ;
At all times trust His word,
Praise Him with heart and mind.

CREATION'S ANTHEM.

“Bless the Lord, all His works, in all places of His dominion ;
bless the Lord, O my soul.”

PRAISE Jehovah, Earth and Heaven !
Praise Him, Land, and Sea, and Sky !
Sun and Stars ! your songs be given ;
Men and Angels ! loud reply.
Nature's voices,
Christians' voices,
Swell the glorious anthem high.

Praise to Him Who paints the flowers,
Feeds and loves each living thing ;
Praise Him, all ye Heavenly Powers !
Men and Babes, His praises sing !
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !
Jesus praise, our Saviour King !

SERVE THE LORD WITH GLADNESS.

“Serve the Lord with gladness, come before His presence with singing.”

SERVE the Lord with gladness !

Joyful tribute bring ;

Banish fear and sadness,

Grateful praises sing.

Serve the Lord with gladness !

Cheerful anthems raise ;

All His wide dominion,

Swell the psalm of praise.

Serve the Lord with gladness !

Joyful tribute bring ;

Banish fear and sadness,

Grateful praises sing.

Serve the Lord with gladness !

Banish servile fear ;

Trust your tender Father,

We to Him are dear.

All our sins He pardons,

All our frailty knows ;

Helps in all our conflicts,

Soothes in all our woes.

CHORUS.—*Serve the Lord with gladness, etc.*

Serve the Lord with Gladness.

Serve the Lord with gladness !

Serve, and thus be free ;

Unreserved surrender,

Noblest liberty !

All His laws are blessings,

Each command a boon ;

Sorrows work our welfare,

Bringing glory soon.

CHORUS.—*Serve the Lord with gladness, etc.*

Serve the Lord with gladness !

Leave the world behind ;

Sin and self renouncing,

Serve with heart and mind :

Serving Him is heaven ;

Life is in His love ;

Endless joys are given,

Deathless homes above.

CHORUS.—*Serve the Lord with gladness, etc.*

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

“Glory to God in the highest.”

To God on high be glory !
Peace and good-will to men !
Proclaim the wondrous story,
Sound forth the song again—
Glory to God and Peace on earth ;
Rejoice ! give thanks with holy mirth.

Creation's Lord, adore Him
In human likeness made ;
Men, Angels, bow before Him,
In the rude manger laid :
Glory to God and Peace on earth ;
Rejoice ! extol the wondrous birth.

How low our God is bending
To take our misery ;
How high is man ascending
By this great mystery ;
Glory ! in Bethlehem's holy Child
Sinners and God are reconciled.

Christmas Anthem.

Heaven's Lord, our nature wearing,
Man's Brother has become,
That we, His glory sharing,
May dwell in heaven, at home :
Glory to God and Peace on earth ;
Eternal praise for Jesu's birth.

To God on high be glory !
His love be magnified ;
Spread through the world the story ;
Be Jesus glorified !
In praise of Christ, our new-born King,
Earth ! Heaven ! with Hallelujahs ring.

O JESUS, WE ADORE THEE.

“ The brightness of His glory.”

O JESUS ! we adore Thee,
Of all things Lord and Heir ;
The ages bow before Thee,
All space doth own Thee there :
The worlds sprang into being,
And by Thy will exist ;
Almighty and All-seeing,
In Thee all things consist.

The stedfast laws of Nature
Are Thine unchanging word ;
First-born of every creature,
Vicegerent of the Lord :
His glory's lasting brightness,
Effulgence of His grace,
His very Being's impress,
Image and beaming face.

O Jesus, we adore Thee.

Yet Thou, for our salvation,
Didst human nature take ;
And, dying, work redemption,
Slain for the sinner's sake.
Now we adore Thee, seated
At God's right hand above ;
We laud Thy work completed,
Enthroned, triumphant Love !

GOD MANIFESTED IN CHRIST.

“Show us the Father.”

THE Son of Man reflects the light
That streams across the Infinite ;
The utterance of His human love
Reveals the heart of God above.

He called the children to His breast,
He breathed His blessing and caressed ;
Pitied the hungry crowd and fed,
Not only taught, but gave them bread.

He walked upon the stormy wave,
His struggling, trembling friends to save ;
And still when tempests cleave the sky,
He says, “ Be not afraid, 'tis I.”

He stretched His arms of mercy wide,
He called the mourners to His side,
“ Ye weary, come and be at rest,
Come, chief of sinners, and be blessed.”

God Manifested in Christ.

He Who from death's stern grasp could save,
Wept with the weeping at the grave ;
And even tears of pity shed,
For hardened foes by whom He bled.

The woman, scorned by scribe and priest,
He from her guilt and fear released ;
And 'mid His own amazing grief
Spake pardon to the dying thief.

O matchless truth ! blest mystery !
The Invisible, in Christ I see ;
In all my Saviour's works below,
My God ! my Father ! Thee I know.

O praise the unseen God above,
Who shows His heart in Jesus' love ;
O praise the Spirit, by Whose light
This love illumines our sinful night.

THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

WRITTEN BY HIS SON FOR THE AUTHOR OF THE
TRACT "THE SINNER'S FRIEND."

"A friend of publicans and sinners."

FRIEND of sinners, Lord of glory !
Lowly, Mighty !—Brother, King !
Musing o'er Thy wondrous story,
Grateful we Thy praises sing :
Friend to help us, comfort, save us,
In Whom power and pity blend—
Praise we must the grace which gave us
Jesus Christ the sinner's Friend.

Friend Who never fails nor grieves us ;
Faithful, tender, constant, kind !—
Friend Who at all times receives us,
Friend Who came the lost to find :
Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
Loving until life shall end,
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still, in Heaven, the sinner's Friend.

The Sinner's Friend.

O to love and serve Thee better !
From all evil set us free ;
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter ;
Be each thought conformed to Thee :
Looking for Thy bright appearing
May our spirits upward tend,
Till, no longer doubting, fearing,
We behold the sinner's Friend.

THE FRIEND OF FRIENDS.

“ He loved them to the end.”

JESUS is the Friend of friends,
His the love that never ends ;
Still unwearied, boundless, free,
Love that reaches even me.

Jesus is the Friend of friends,
Perfect love that never ends.

He to save us, joined the strife,
Shared our sorrows, gave His life ;
See ! upon the cross He bleeds,
See ! enthroned, He intercedes.

Jesus is the Friend of friends,
Perfect love that never ends.

Sing aloud the matchless Name !
Jesus ! still in heaven the same ;
Full of tender thought and care,
Listening to the mourner's prayer.

Jesus is the Friend of friends,
Perfect love that never ends.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CRUCIFIED.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

REDEEMED from death, with joy we'll sing
The triumphs of our suffering King ;
His wounded hands—His bleeding side—
The wondrous cross on which He died.

Those wounds are fountains, whence do flow
Rivers of balm for human woe ;
That blood can make the vilest pure,
That blood alone can cleanse and cure.

Those hands, extended on the tree,
Hold out a pardon full and free ;
And, stained with sacrificial blood,
Obtain and publish peace with God

The spear's deep gash that gapes so wide,
Invites the fugitive to hide
In God incarnate—there alone
Sure refuge from our fear is known.

The Triumph of the Crucified.

The crown of thorns proclaims a King
Victorious by suffering ;
Henceforth shall grief to Christians be
Arrayed with regal dignity.

The cross becomes a conqueror's car,
Returning from successful war,
Where Christ, all red with battle-stains,
Drags Sin and Death in captive chains.

That dying groan, that last loud cry,
Are the glad shout of Victory ;
The bruised heel grinds Satan's head,
And life is won by Jesus dead.

Then let us, glad and grateful, sing
The triumphs of our suffering King ;
Count all things else as empty dross,
And glory only in the Cross.

CORONATION HYMN.

“On His head were many crowns.”

To Thee, O Christ, we sing,
And laud and bless Thy name ;
We crown Thee—Jesus, Saviour, King ;
We glory in Thy fame :
For Thou art Lord of all,
The worlds by Thee were made,
Adoring Thee, heaven's angels fall,
In robes of white arrayed.

Crown, crown Him ! Son of God ;
Crown, crown Him ! Son of Man ;
We'll blaze His boundless love abroad,
Redemption's wondrous plan :
Our hearts, our lives we bring,
And joyful tribute pay ;
With many crowns we'll crown our King,
Through heaven's eternal day.

Coronation Hymn.

Crown Him ! our Prophet true ;
Crown Him ! our Kingly Priest ;
Crown Him ! our Champion-Monarch, who
From sin our souls released :
That anguish-furrowed brow,
Which thorns of mockery tore,
Is crowned with deathless triumph now,
And joys for evermore.

The Church, He ransomed, sings
His victory o'er the grave ;
O crown Him ! crown Him ! King of kings,
Who lives and reigns to save :
Crown Him ! Creator, Friend ;
Sound His dear name again !
Crown Him ! through ages without end.
Emmanuel ! God with men.

HALLELUJAH CHORUS.

AFTER HEARING HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

"King of kings and Lord of lords."

KING of kings, and Lord of lords !
What delight the sound affords ;
Jesus shall for ever reign,
Final victory He shall gain.

Lord of lords, and King of kings !
Earth with loud hosanna rings ;
None shall of His rule complain
When the Saviour comes to reign.

King of kings, and Lord of lords !
Broken are oppression's cords ;
Hell is conquered, swell the strain,
Jesus doth for ever reign.

Lord of lords, and King of kings !
Order, riches, rest, He brings ;
Warfare, hatred, fear shall cease,
Vanquished by the Prince of Peace.

Hallelujah Chorus.

King of kings, and Lord of lords !
Earth and heaven repeat the words ;
Truth and love will He restore,
He shall reign for evermore.

Lord of lords, and King of kings !
Loud and long the anthem rings ;
Hallelujah ! shout again !
Jesus shall for ever reign.

PENITENTIAL HYMNS.

THE PUBLICAN'S PRAYER.

"God be merciful to me a sinner."

OPPRESSED with grief, dismayed with fears,
I stand far off and plead with tears ;
I smite my breast, and cry to Thee,
O God ! be merciful to me.

I will not try my sin to cloak,
Only Thy mercy I invoke ;
Thy name of Love my only plea,
Father ! be merciful to me.

O Publicans' and Sinners' Friend,
A sinner's mournful prayer attend ;
From Satan's bondage set me free,
Jesu ! be merciful to me.

O Spirit, Source of life divine,
Create anew this heart of mine ;
Holy and good I long to be,
O Lord ! be merciful to me.

Save me ! of sinners I am chief,
Save me from guilt and hopeless grief ;
My Jesus died upon the tree,
O God ! be merciful to me.

HELP MINE UNBELIEF.

“Lord, I believe ; help Thou mine unbelief.”

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
Of sinners I am chief ;
Thou biddest such believe in Thee,
Lord ! help my unbelief.

My sinful soul receive ;
Friend of the dying thief,
Remember me—I would believe,
Lord ! help my unbelief.

Have mercy, Lord, on me,
Behold my bitter grief ;
To Thee for comfort I would flee,
Lord ! help my unbelief.

I cannot come to Thee,
Draw near to my relief ;
I'm tied and bound, O come to me,
Lord ! help my unbelief.

THE PRODIGAL.

“I will arise and go to my Father.”

I've wandered far from home,
I'm weary, sad, and sore ;
I weep—but yet I roam,
Wounded—I wander more ;
From treacherous friends shall I seek com-
fort ? No !
I will arise and to my Father go.

I've squandered all my store ;
My every hope is quenched ;
Repulsed from every door,
From all my moorings wrenched,
In my extremity of sin and woe
I will arise and to my Father go.

I'll tell Him all my sin ;
I'll show Him all my pain ;
Perhaps He'll let me in
To the old home again ;
But all my guilt and misery I'll show ;
I will arise and to my Father go.

The Prodigal.

All worthless as I am,
Poor, helpless, guilty, lost ;
Through the atoning Lamb,
And by the Holy Ghost,
Because my sins and sorrows overflow,
I will arise and to my Father go.

My Father's name is Love,
His mercies aye endure ;
He calls me from above,
His word of grace is sure ;
Leaving my sin and misery below,
I will arise and to my Father go.

PETER'S REPENTANCE.

“ Lovest thou me ? ”

LORD, Thou knowest all things, knowest
All my love and bitter grief;
Grief that I should ever grieve Thee;
This, of all my sorrow chief.

Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee;
O forgive my sinful shame;
Never more may I deny Thee,
Never blush to own Thy name.

Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee;
Love Thee for Thy love to me;
Love Thee for Thine own great glory;
O for perfect love to Thee:

Love that every sin o'ercometh;
Love that makes all labour light;
Love that renders shame and sorrow,
Borne for Jesus, a delight.

PRAYER TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

“Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.”

O THOU long-suffering Spirit ! still
With this rebellious heart abide :
Cease not to check my wayward will,
Subdue my sins, destroy my pride.

Thy counsels oft I've madly spurned,
Against Thy striving dared to fight,
Oft quenched the flame that in me burned,
And to Thy grace done sore despite.

Yet leave me not, Thou heavenly Dove !
Helpless, undone, to Thee I cry ;
Pardon my crimes against Thy love,
Nor from the suppliant sinner fly.

My heart I now would open wide ;
Great Sanctifier ! enter in ;
Sprinkle the blood of Him Who died,
And take away the power of sin.

Thy living temple I would be ;
O come and dwell within my breast ;
My Teacher, I'll be led by Thee,
My Guide to heaven's eternal rest.

HYMNS OF CHRISTIAN FAITH, LOVE, AND HOLINESS.

THE GOD OF ABRAHAM.

“The Lord said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, unto a land that I will show thee ; and I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing.”

“They which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham.”

O GOD of Abraham ! let Thy word
By Abraham's pilgrim-child be heard ;
Let me obey the gracious call—
“ Arise, go forth, forsaking all : ”

Forth from a world of sense and sin,
A heavenly heritage to win ;
Leaving each idol vain behind,
My Father, in my God, to find.

Although untrod, unknown the way,
Though doubts and darkness shroud the day,
If Thou wilt lead me by the hand,
Promptly I'll follow Thy command.

The God of Abraham.

Possessing Thee, all things are mine ;
No foes can harm if I am Thine ;
Call *me* Thy friend, and let me be
Blest, and a blessing made, by Thee.

While thus, a stranger here, I roam,
Thou art my ever-present home ;
And dost my weary footsteps guide
Where perfect rest and peace abide.

Soon in the promised land above,
The changeless home of perfect love,
With all the Patriarch's ransomed race,
I'll sing the glory of Thy grace.

All praise to Abraham's God be given
By pilgrims here, and saints in heaven !
Let men with angels join to raise
The song of never-ending praise.

FRIEND OF SINNERS, HEAR MY CRY.

“Lord, help me.”

FRIEND of sinners ! hear my cry,
Cast on me Thy pitying eye ;
Groaning 'neath a load of sin,
Foes without, and fears within,—
Friend of sinners, hear my cry,
Pardon, cleanse me, ere I die !

Friend indeed Thou art to me,
Yet how cold my love to Thee !
Shunning oft Thy kind embrace,
Slighting oft Thy Spirit's grace—
Friend of sinners, hear my cry,
Warm my heart before I die !

Send me succour from above,
Fill me with constraining love,
All my sinful passions quell,
Come and ever in me dwell ;
Friend of sinners, hear my cry,
Fully save me ere I die !

Friend of Sinners, Hear my Cry.

'Neath Thy shadow let me hide,
Happy ever at Thy side,
Faithful to the end of life,
Victor in the closing strife :
Sinners' Friend, O be Thou nigh,
Save, receive me, when I die !

FRIENDS OF JESUS.

“Ye are My friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.”

FRIENDS of Jesus we would be,
Fix our hearts, O Lord, on Thee ;
Say to us—Ye are my friends,
Friendship ours that never ends.

Friends of Jesus we would be,
Fix our hearts, O Lord, on Thee.

Let our thoughts delight to dwell
On Thy love unchangeable ;
Let us glory in Thy name,
Let us spread abroad Thy fame.

Friends of Jesus, etc.

Scorning self-indulgent ease,
Let us strive our Friend to please ;
All we have for Him employ,
This our chiefest wealth and joy.

Friends of Jesus, etc.

His commands may we fulfil,
Meekly suffer all His will ;
Soft the yoke, the burden light,
When the law and love unite.

Friends of Jesus, etc.

Friends of Jesus.

Near Him may we still abide,
In His sympathy confide,
Leaning on His loving breast,
Finding there our perfect rest.
Friends of Jesus, etc.

Looking for His Advent dear,
Happy that our Lord is near,
May we, in His matchless love,
Now foretaste the joys above.
Friends of Jesus we would be,
Fix our hearts, O Lord, on Thee.

PERFECT LOVE.

“ Perfect love casteth out fear.”

O FOR the love, the perfect love,
The love that casts out fear ;
That sings amid the wildest storm,
And smiles through every tear.

O for the perfect love that leans
On Love's almighty arm ;
The trust no earthquake can disturb,
Nor death nor hell alarm :

The love that drains the bitterest cup,
And clasps the heaviest cross ;
Deeming such grief is lasting gain,
And earth's best gold but dross :

The love that trusts each promise given,
That each command approves ;
And in each path prescribed by heaven,
With glad obedience moves :

Perfect Love.

The love that serves with quenchless zeal,
That sits at Jesus' feet,
That leans upon His loving breast
When heart to heart doth beat.

O for the love, the perfect love
That "Abba, Father" cries ;
Its constant joy, His holy will ;
Its hope and home, the skies.

O God of love ! kind Comforter,
O loving Jesus, hear !
This perfect love to me impart,
This love that casts out fear.

THE SPIRIT OF HOLINESS.

“ It is the Spirit that quickeneth.”

SPIRIT of God ! Whose power alone
Can new-create this heart of stone,
O listen to my earnest cry,
Nor leave me in my sins to die.

Spirit of Light ! dispel the cloud
That darkly doth my soul enshroud ;
Spirit of Holiness ! expel
All evil thoughts that in me dwell.

Spirit of Prayer ! instruct me how
Before the throne of God to bow ;
And pleading Jesu's precious Name,
His purchased blessings humbly claim.

Consoling Spirit ! peace impart
When care and grief distract my heart ;
Assure me of a Saviour's love,
And cheer with hope of joys above.

The Spirit of Holiness.

Of Heaven the Earnest and the Seal,
Let me Thy constant influence feel,
And of the future world's high bliss
Give me some foretaste, e'en in this.

Thus, Holy Ghost! Thy work complete,
Thus make my soul for glory meet ;
Then to the Father, Son, and Thee,
I'll render praise eternally.

HOLY SPIRIT, SUCCOUR ME.

“The Spirit helpeth our infirmities.”

HOLY SPIRIT ! succour me
Compassed with infirmity ;
I am foolish, feeble, blind—
Be my Helper—faithful, kind.

Help me to repent of sin,
Help me to be pure within,
Every lust may I forsake,
Every evil habit break.

Help me patiently to bear
Sorrow, pain, and anxious care ;
Help me to be strong in faith,
Trusting all my Saviour saith.

Ever may I Him obey,
Never from His foot-marks stray,
My affections fixed above,
May I serve because I love.

THE SPIRIT OF LIGHT, LOVE, LIFE.

“ The Spirit of truth will guide you into all truth.”

HOLY SPIRIT ! Source of light,
Beam upon my nature's night ;
Make my doubts and darkness flee,
Clearly let me Jesus see.

Holy Spirit ! Fount of love,
Breathe upon me from above,
Warm this cold ungrateful heart,
Bid its selfishness depart.

Holy Spirit ! Lord of life,
Make me victor in the strife
Over Satan, death, and hell,—
Fit me thus in heaven to dwell.

Praises then I'll ever sing,
Unto Christ my Saviour King ;
To the Father and to Thee
Praise I'll sing eternally.

HOPE.

“Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.”

COME, God of Hope, Thy grace impart,
To drive my fears away ;
That I may run the heavenly road,
Rejoicing every day.

Why should I doubt Thy faithful word,
Thy love and power Divine ?
Dost Thou not draw me to Thyself,
And bid me call Thee mine ?

Bear witness with my spirit, Lord,
By filial, trustful love,
That Thou hast sealed me for Thine own,
Adopted from above.

Grant me to see Thy smiling face,
To feel my sins forgiven,
To hear my Father say—‘ My child,’
Co-heir with Christ in heaven.’

Hope.

O blissful hope, that soon our Lord
Will come to claim His own ;
That soon, made perfect, I shall bow
Before His glorious throne !

In hope like this I shall abide
Victorious in the strife ;
And live, amidst an evil world,
A righteous, godly life.

Such hope will conquer Satan's craft,
Outshine the charms of sight,
Turn wildest tempest into calm,
And midnight gloom to light.

THE BEATITUDES.

A PARAPHRASE.

THOU Who blessèd didst pronounce
Humble souls that pride renounce :
Poor in spirit let us be,
And Thy heavenly kingdom see.

Blest are they who mourn for sin,
They shall find true peace within :
Thus may we with grief o'erflow,
Thus true comfort may we know.

Blessèd are the meek in mind,
Lasting treasure they shall find :
Gentle Jesus ! let us be
Meek and gentle, like to Thee.

Thou the hungry souls dost bless,
Souls that long for righteousness :
May we thirst and hunger so,
Thus Thy fulness may we know.

The Beatitudes.

Blessèd are the merciful,
Prompt to pardon, pitiful :
Mercy, Lord, on us bestow,
Mercy may we ever show.²

Blest are they whose hearts are pure,
They the sight of God secure :
May our hearts be holy too,
Thus Thy glory may we view.

Blessèd are the sons of peace,
Bidding strife and anger cease :
Let us with Thy children be
Numbered, God of Peace, by Thee.

Blest are they who for their Lord
Suffer wrong in deed or word :
Zeal like theirs to us be given,
Prize like theirs be ours in heaven.

LITANY OF THE WORKER OF MIRACLES.

“And Jesus went about healing all manner of sickness.”

JESU ! Who the sick didst heal,
And for mourners pity feel,
Hear and heed our sad appeal :
Jesu, Saviour, hear us !

Thou didst cure the halt and lame,
Thou didst succour all who came,
Thou didst never suppliant blame :
Friend of Sinners, help us !

Thou didst make the deaf to hear
Words of mercy, soft and clear ;
Open, Lord, our sin-closed ear :
Mighty Healer, save us !

Sight Thou gavest to the blind,
All who sought did mercy find ;
Drive the darkness from our mind :
Son of David, help us !

Thou didst cure and Thou didst bless
Her who touched Thee in the press ;
Lord, we need Thy grace no less :
Good Physician, heal us !

Litany of the Worker of Miracles.

Thou Who didst the hungry feed,
Still dost pity all who need ;
We are hungry, Lord, indeed :
 Bread of Life, sustain us !

Thou Who didst the demons quell,
Stronger than the powers of hell,
Let not Satan in us dwell :
 Lord of spirits, save us !

Lepers, hideous and unclean,
Touched by Thee, were spotless seen ;
Lepers viler we have been :
 Holy Saviour, cleanse us !

Child of Jairus Thou didst wake ;
Nain's lone mother happy make ;
Bethany's dark tomb didst shake :
 Prince of Life, upraise us !

Raise us from our death of sin,
Ever live our hearts within,
Life Eternal let us win :
 Jesu, Saviour, hear us !

“THAT I MAY WIN CHRIST.”

A PARAPHRASE OF PHIL. III. 7—14

“But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss—that I may win Christ.”

WHEN my best actions, Lord, I see
In Thy most searching holy light,
What was my gain is loss to me,
And rendered hateful in my sight ;
My own false worth I cast aside,
The best is stained with self and sin ;
My only plea is—“ Christ has died ; ”
My only aim is—Christ to win.

Jesus ! my only Hiding Place,
Jesus ! Who didst for sin atone,
I hope in Thy redeeming grace,
I flee for help to Thee alone :
Cleanse me through Thy most precious blood,
And make my nature pure within ;
Thus am I reconciled to God
By faith, when Thee, O Christ, I win.

"That I may win Christ."

Yea, doubtless, all things else are loss
That keep my soul, O Lord, from Thee ;
Joy beyond words is in Thy cross,
'Tis heaven, Thy smiling face to see :
O let me know and love Thee more,
Leaving the things that are behind
And reaching forth to things before,
Till Christ, the prize, I fully find.

With Thee, in fellowship of woe,
Conformed to Thee, e'en unto death,
May I Thy resurrection know,
And live for Thee in every breath ;
Thine image may I thus attain,
To Thine own glory enter in ;
For all God has to give, I gain,
And heaven is mine, when Christ I win.

SON OF DAVID ! SON OF MARY !
SON OF GOD !

"Born of a woman."

"Jesus, Son of David."

"God gave His only begotten Son."

SON of *David* ! Jesu, Saviour !
Unto me Thy mercy show ;
Heavy laden, Lord, I labour,
Pity me and rest bestow ;
Fount of healing !
Let Thy streams within me flow.

Son of *Mary* ! Tender Brother !
Thou hast shared our human woes ;
Comfort, soothe me like a mother,
Loving—shield me from my foes ;
Man of sorrows !
He has felt and therefore knows.

Son of *God* ! Great King of glory !
Lord Eternal ! Mighty Friend !
Lowly, joyful, I adore Thee,
Might and mercy in Thee blend ;
I will praise Thee !
Hallelujah ! without end.

FOLLOWING JESUS.

“If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.”

LORD, we obey Thy kind command
To march with Thee to Canaan's land—
But need Thy guiding, strengthening hand ;
Help us to follow Thee.

Our Teacher, Ruler, Pattern, Guide,
Ne'er let us wander from Thy side,
Nor from the narrow pathway slide,
But closely follow Thee.

By meekness, patience, kindness, prayer—
By works of love and friendly care—
By holy conduct everywhere—
Help us to follow Thee.

Whene'er the road is rough and steep,
Whene'er the floods roll strong and deep,
Although, distressed, we groan and weep,
Still may we follow Thee.

Following Jesus.

When fears and foes beset the way,
When darkest clouds obscure the day,
And easier paths tempt us to stray,
Help us to follow Thee.

At every hour, in every place,
Amidst all dangers, give us grace
With patient, plodding, onward pace,
Closely to follow Thee.

Courageously, in spite of foes,
With cheerfulness, whate'er oppose,
Unto the journey's final close,
Help us to follow Thee.

Then along Heaven's own pathway bright,
No more with foes and fears to fight,
With victory crowned, and robed in white,
We'll ever follow Thee.

* This hymn may be sung to a L. M. tune by repeating the word "follow" in the fourth line of each verse.

PRAYER FOR THE PRAYERLESS.

"I exhort that prayers be made for all men."

"My prayer to God for Israel is that they may be saved."

WE pray for those who do not pray
Who waste, O Lord, salvation's day ;
For those we love who love not Thee--
Our grief, their danger, pitying see.

Those for whom many tears are shed,
And blessings breathed upon their head ;
The children of Thy people, save
From godless life, and hopeless grave.

Hear fathers, mothers, as they pray
For sons, for daughters, far away ;
Brother for brother, friend for friend—
Hear all our prayers that upward blend.

We pray for those who long have heard,
But still neglect, Thy gracious word ;
Softened the hearts obdurate made
By calls unheeded, vows delayed.

Prayer for the Prayerless.

Release the drunkard from his chain,
Save those beguiled by pleasures vain,
Set free the slaves of lust, and bring
Back to their home the wandering.

The hopeless cheer ; guide those who doubt ;
Restore the lost ; cast no one out :
For all that are far off we pray,
Since we were once far off as they.

CHRISTIAN COMPLETENESS.

“Ye are complete in Him.”

COMPLETE in Him ! blest words of peace,
From slavish fear a full release,
They bid all anxious doubting cease.

Complete in Him !

Who shall condemn ? 'tis Christ that died,
And pleadeth at the Father's side ;
What then for me can be denied,

Complete in Him ?

Complete in Him, all things are mine ;
Thou, Lord, art mine, and I am Thine,
My store is infinite, divine,

Complete in Him.

And when my voice shall fail in death,
I still will trust what Jesus saith,
And whisper with my latest breath—

Complete in Him !

His truth and love—a boundless store—
Shall be my heaven for evermore,
And I will sing as still I soar,

Complete in Him !

SERVICE, NOT SECRETS.

“It is not for you to know the times, . . . but ye shall receive power, and ye shall be my witnesses.”

LORD, we do not ask to know
Secrets hid from man below ;
Times and seasons are concealed,
Service, succour, are revealed.

Thou hast taught us what to do,
Needful strength hast promised too ;
Now to us Thy word fulfil,
Help us to obey Thy will.

On Thy Spirit we rely ;
Send us power from on high,
Faith that feels no lack of sight,
Love that makes all labour light.

Faithful witnesses for Thee,
Christ in us may all men see ;
Witnessing with every breath
Christ is Lord—in life, in death.

Hallelujah ! Christ is Lord !
Earth and heaven repeat the word !
Witnesses let all things be—
Christ is Lord eternally !

DAILY BREAD.

“Our Father which art in Heaven—give us this day our daily bread.”

FATHER, throned in heaven above,
Might and Mercy, Light and Love !
Give to us, as Jesus said,
Day by day our daily bread.

Satisfy our daily need,
Soul and body daily feed,
Daily hear us when we pray,
Succour, save us, day by day.

Give us daily faith, to ask
Needful aid for daily task ;
Daily guidance in our way,
Faithful warning lest we stray ;

Sympathy for daily grief,
Tender solace and relief,
Daily patience, meekness, zeal,
Others' griefs each day to feel ;

Daily help for daily cross,
Solid gain in seeming loss,
Daily strength for daily strife,
Daily grace till close of life.

CHRISTIAN CONFLICT.

“Fight the good fight of faith.”

To arms, to arms, ye soldiers !
The trumpet call obey ;
Arise from dreamy slumbers,
To watch, and fight, and pray :
'Tis not to bed or banquet,
Or proud parade we go ;
The fight of faith is fiercer
Than worldly warriors know.

We march not over meadows,
But craggy cliffs and steep ;
We cross not gentle rivers,
But torrents wild and deep :
We journey oft in tempest,
We camp in deserts drear,
Where fruits and fountains fail us,
And threatening foes are near.

Christian Conflict.

Against the powers of darkness,
With hellish craft and rage,
Our heavenly Captain calls us
Incessant war to wage :
No parley may be trusted ;
Not till our course is run,
May we lay down our weapons,
And say the victory's won.

But who would be deserter
From such a noble fight ?
We're sure of deathless triumph,
We battle for the right :
Divine the Christian's armour,
Our comrades all the saints,
With Thee, dear Lord, for Leader,
We'll banish base complaints.

We'll bless Thee for the battle,
We'll glory in the strife ;
We'll shout at call of trumpet,
We'll win eternal life :
Strong in the strength of Jesus,
And in His Spirit brave,
Crowned through eternal ages,
We'll sing His power to save.

CHRISTIAN VICTORY.

“To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.”

SALVATION'S Captain, mighty Lord !
Fulfil in me Thy gracious word,
Help me to wield the conqueror's sword,
Help me to overcome.

By Thee alone I hope to quell
The world, the flesh, the powers of hell ;
O let Thy Spirit in me dwell,
That I may overcome.

On Hidden Manna let me feed,
Thou only canst supply my need,
Thy blood, Thy flesh, are meat indeed ;
By Thee I'll overcome.

Give me to know my sins forgiven,
To see my foes all backward driven,
To glory in the hope of heaven,
And thus to overcome.

Christian Victory.

Then, hailed by comrades gone before,
Convey me to that peaceful shore,
Where war's alarms are heard no more
By those who overcome.

With warrior saints of high renown,
At victory's feast shall I sit down ?
Shall I receive the conqueror's crown ?
Shall I thus overcome ?

All honour, glory, praise to Thee,
To Thee alone shall rendered be,
Both now, and through eternity,
By all who overcome.

HYMNS OF CONSOLATION.

DE PROFUNDIS.

“Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.”

Out of the depths I cry to Thee, O Lord!

My spirit faints, I sink in waves of woe;
My only hope is in Thy faithful word,
Thy sympathy the only balm I know.

There is a gulf for ordered speech too deep;
A furnace far too fierce but for a cry;
Sorrows in which 'twere luxury to weep;
A darkness whence is only heard a sigh.

Give ear to plaints that from these depths arise,
Nor leave me in the dark to grope alone;
Father! behold Thy child with pitying eyes,
And answer prayers condensed in sigh or
groan.

“ALL IS WELL !”

“Is it well with thee ?”

SAY, Mourner ! is it well with thee,
Thy store, thy self, thy family ?
With garb of grief and tracks of tears,
With face where faith contends with fears,
Bending beneath thy burden—tell,
Toiling and tried one, Is it well ?

The night is dark, and not a star
Sparkles faint comfort from afar ;
I cannot trace the path I tread—
I see not whither I am led—
How it may be, I cannot tell,
But *this* I know, that *All is well !*

The flames are kindling ; seven times more
The furnace rages than before ;
But midst the flames my Lord I see ;
He keeps them back from scorching me ;
How fire consumes not, who can tell ?
But this I know—that *All is well !* .

"All is Well!"

Down in the lion's hungry den,
Beyond all help or hope from men,
Unharm'd I wait the dawn of day,
All night the angels with me stay :
How wrath is harmless, who can tell ?
But this I know--that *All is well!*

Of gladness griefs are but the seeds ;
Trials are sent to root out weeds ;
As showers that fertilize are tears ;
Prompters to prayer are painful fears ;
E'en mid love's ruin blessings dwell ;
A bleeding heart says—*All is well!*

All things are ordered from above,
My Father is unchanging Love,
I have a Friend Who weeps with me,
He whispers of a home to be,
And trusting in His word, I'll tell,
Mid storm and darkness—*All is well !*

REST.

“There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God.”
“We which believe do enter into rest.”

REST ! I cry to Thee for rest,
Calm, O calm this troubled breast ;
Bid the anxious conflict cease,
Mid the tempest whisper “Peace ;”
Weary with the length of way,
Pining for the light of day,
Tempted, wounded, sin-distressed—
Lord ! I pray, I pant for rest.

Bid my fluttering heart be still ;
Make me cease from vain self-will ;
Seeking Thee alone to please,
Loving all Thy love decrees,
Casting on Thee every care,
Sure that Thou my grief wilt share,
On Thy sympathising breast
Let me lean, and be at rest.

Rest.

Soon to me, O Lord, be given
Rest with Thee, at home, in heaven ;
Rest from sorrow, toil, and strife,
Rest from all the ills of life ;
Every holy want supplied,
Every yearning satisfied,
Give the rest of God above,
Perfect rest in perfect love,

THE SOUL'S RETURN TO REST.

“Return unto thy rest, O my soul.”

WEARY and sad, with guilt opprest,
Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
And lay thy load on Christ alone,
Who for thee suffered to atone.

Wounded, and faint, and sick, and sore,
Seek help at Mercy's open door ;
Jesus alone can make thee whole,
Return unto thy rest, my soul.

Perplexed with doubts and reasonings vain,
In childhood's faith come back again ;
A lamb upon the Shepherd's breast,
Return, my soul, unto thy rest.

Weary with weeping, crushed with woes,
Thou hast a Friend Who sees and knows,
And bids thee all thy sorrows roll
On Him, thy true rest, O my soul.

The Soul's Return to Rest.

For He has felt the pains we feel,
And every wound will surely heal ;
Whate'er His love ordains is best ;
Return, my soul, unto thy rest !

Speed on, brief night ! dawn, endless day !
Grief, conflict, sin—soon pass away !
Then, with thy Lord, in glory blest,
Return, my soul, unto thy rest !

“THE GOD OF ALL CONSOLATION.”

O LORD of consolation hear !
Our Father, Saviour, Guide ; draw near,
And let us now Thy solace prove,
God of all Comfort, God of Love.

How great the grief Thy children know !
What bitter tears in silence flow !
In sickness, want, bereavement, care,
God of all Comfort, hear our prayer.

When racked by pain on sleepless bed,
When throbs our anxious, aching head,
When anguish probes our wounded heart,
Do not, Great Comforter, depart.

In darkness, solitude, and fear ;
When friends are far, and foes are near,
And rest seems only in the grave,
God of all Comfort, soothe and save.

When hope declines and doubts assail,
When courage, faith, and patience fail,
When sinks the soul in speechless woe,
Thy face, O God of Comfort, show.

The God of all Consolation.

Comfort of Brother, hearty, strong ;
Of Sister, gentle, spite of wrong ;
Of Father, pitying His child,
Though oft forgetful, wayward, wild :

Comfort of Bosom-Friend, so dear
That brother cleaveth not so near,
Sharing each thought, hope, joy, and grief,
God of *all* Comfort, bring relief.

As one whose Mother comforteth,
Tender, enduring unto death,
Fount of compassion ! ceaseless, free,
God of all Comfort, comfort me.

Jesu, Who comfort didst impart
To many a bleeding, broken heart,
While dwelling with the sons of men,
Draw near, and comfort us again.

He Who at Nain did stop the bier,
And turn to bliss the widow's tear,
Who sympathy with succour gave,
Will weep with us beside the grave.

Thou Who, sustained by God above,
Yet leaning still on human love,
Didst comfort seek at Bethany,
Thus soothe me with Thy sympathy.

The God of all Consolation.

Upon Thine unreluctant breast
Thy favoured John did lean and rest ;
Thus may I lean and rest on Thee,
O Lord of love, thus comfort me.

Thou Who from prayer didst fondly turn
To friends, and for their solace yearn,
Response in tones and touch and tear—
Unslumbering Friend, watch with me here.

Thou Who didst then compassion need,
When grief through every pore did bleed,
Lone Mourner of Gethsemane,
Whom angels strengthened, strengthen me.

Thou Who didst thus Thy followers bless—
“I will not leave you comfortless ;”
O let Thy parting promise be
Fulfilled, great Comforter, to me.

Comfort, by wisdom to direct ;
Comfort, by strength to aid, protect ;
Comfort of sympathy to cheer,
God of all consolation, hear.

Comfort, by pardon of my sin ;
Comfort, by holy peace within ;
By sense of sonship, hope of heaven
All comfort, God of Love, be given.

The God of all Consolation.

Thus, when at length is left below
A world so fraught with care and woe ;
When, from all sin for ever freed,
We neither grief nor comfort need—

To Thee ! O Father, Fount of Love,
To Thee ! O Friend of friends, above,
To Thee ! O Comforter, I'll raise,
God of all Comfort, endless praise.

IT IS I.

“Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.”

SAVIOUR! when wildest storms of care
Would sink my soul in deep despair,
O let me hear Thy voice declare—

“’Tis I!—be not afraid!”

Say to my troubled soul—“’Tis I!
“*Love* rides upon the gloomy sky—
“Not wrath, nor chance, nor destiny—

“’Tis I!—be not afraid!”

When wave on wave assails my bark,
When frightful forms howl through the dark,
Let me Thy loving accents mark—

“’Tis I!—be not afraid!”

“’Tis I—thy steadfast, loving Friend,
Round thee My arms of might extend,
My words with the loud thunder blend,

’Tis I!—be not afraid!”

It is I.

“For thee I once was tempest-driven ;
With hostile winds I too have striven ;
Grief, keener far, My soul hath riven—
'Tis I!—be not afraid !

“Human like thee—I sympathize ;
Divine—I rule the stormy skies ;
Lift up thine heart, lift up thine eyes ;
'Tis I!—be not afraid !

“I come to bid the waves be still,
Thine anxious soul with peace to fill,
And turn to good each seeming ill—
'Tis I!—be not afraid !

“The gale shall speed thee on the way,
The lightning lend a helpful ray,
The dark more quickly bring the day—
'Tis I!—be not afraid !

“Soon shall the storm be changed to calm,
The oar of toil to conqueror's palm,
The prayer of fear to rapture's psalm—
'Tis I!—be not afraid !

“In heaven shall roll no stormy sea ;
Thy peace shall there unbroken be ;
At home eternally with Me,
Thou ne'er shalt be afraid ! ”

EVENING SOLACE.

“I will lay me down in peace, and sleep.”

WHEN night has quenched the sun's last ray,
And boding shadows round me creep,
Secure, as in the blaze of day,
I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep.

When rudest waves my bark assail,
And round me yawns the stormiest deep,
Amid the roaring of the gale
I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep.

Compassed by fiercest powers of hell,
From harm Thou canst Thy children keep ;
Thou makest me in safety dwell ;
I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep.

And when my day of life is o'er,
And friends endeared around me weep,
To wake with Thee, on Canaan's shore,
I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep.

SOLACE IN SERVICE.

“Son, behold Thy mother.”

O JESU ! Who, to favoured friend
Thy mourning mother didst commend,
Mindful, amidst o’erwhelming woe,
Of her who stood and wept below—

Enable us to learn from Thee
Our own divine humanity ;
Mindful of every tender claim,
Responsive to each kindred name.

Let not our sorrows selfish prove,
Closing our hearts to calls of love ;
But may we sweetest solace know
In soothing other mourners’ woe.

Amidst the sacrifice sublime
For every age and every clime,
This of Thy priesthood’s work was part,
To soothe one lonely woman’s heart :

So, when for Church or Truth we feel,
Or world-wide enterprise, most zeal—
Let us be sure we best please Thee
By tender, true humanity.

“MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE.”

“For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.”

How oft in fear and woe I’ve cried—

“Dear Lord, deliver me!”

But still thus only He replied,

My grace sufficeth thee.

This thorn, which rankles in my heart,

O Lord, with pity see,

And bid it speedily depart!

My grace sufficeth thee.

Behold this bitter, bitter grief,

This untold agony;

O Jesu, swiftly send relief!

My grace sufficeth thee.

How can I meet each boisterous wave

On life’s wild stormy sea?

O calm the tempest! succour! save!

My grace sufficeth thee.

"My Grace is sufficient for Thee."

The night is dark, the way is long,
And friends and helpers flee ;
The fight is fierce, the foe is strong !
My grace sufficeth thee.

Enough, enough, what Jesus saith ;
I'll boast infirmity !
In conflict, sorrow, darkness, death,
Thy grace sufficeth me.

OUR FATHER REIGNS FOR EVER.

“Our Father which art in heaven.”

OUR Father reigns in heaven above,
Why then in fear be weeping ?
His arm of might, His heart of love
All harm from us are keeping :
He guards us from our foes,
Our secret grief He knows,
He wipes the tear we shed,
He watches by our bed,
When we are sick or sleeping.

Our Father rules the earth and sky,
He lives and reigns for ever ;
Our Father hears our feeblest cry,
Our Father leaves us never :
No tempest's angry breath,
Nor foe, nor grisly death,
Nor Satan fierce and fell,
Nor all the powers of hell,
Father and child shall sever.

FULL SALVATION.

‘That ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints.’

PART I.

O HAPPY happy they Who in the Lord believe ; And, leaning on His truth, Salvation full receive !	John xv. 11. Isaiah xii. Eph. i. 1 Peter i. 3-9.
They testify His grace, His boundless love record, And each to other saith,— “ For ever bless the Lord.”	Ps. xxxiv. 3. Eph. iii. 14-19. Mal. iii. 16. Ps. xxxiv. 1, 2; ciii. 20-22.
With me extol His name ; He drives my doubts away ; From bondage sets me free, And turns my night to day.	Ps. xxx. 1. Heb. vi. 17-19. Acts xxvi. 18. Eph. v. 8.
He brought His wanderer home, Declared my sins forgiven, Embraced me as His child, And made me heir of heaven.	Luke xv. 20. 1 John ii 12. 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18. Rom. viii. 17.

Full Salvation.

For me He sent His Son	Rom. viii. 34.
To suffer and to die ;	Gal. ii. 20.
And now to intercede	John xvii.
Upon the throne on high.	Heb. vii. 25.
To dwell within my heart	John xiv. 16, 17.
He hath His Spirit given,	Rom. viii. 9-13.
To quicken, cleanse, console,	Rom. viii. 15, 16.
And guide my steps to heaven.	Rom. viii. 14.

PART II.

My will now blends with His,	2 Cor. v. 14, 15.
My duty is my joy,	Psalms xl. 8.
My highest bliss I find	Col. i. 9-14.
In His beloved employ.	Rev. xxii. 3.
My Father cares for me,	1 Pet. v. 7.
And all my wants He knows ;	Matt. vi. 33.
Consoles in every grief,	Is. lxvi. 13 ; Ps. ciii. 13.
And all I need bestows.	Phil. iv. 19.
I know that all things work	Rom. viii. 28.
For good by His command ;	Psalms lxxxiv. 11.
I know that I am safe	Psalms xci.
Within His guardian hand.	Deut. xxxiii. 27.

Full Salvation.

I know whom I believe,	2 Tim. i. 12.
My Saviour, Brother, Friend ;	Heb. ii. 11-18.
He will securely keep	John x. 28, 29.
And love me to the end.	John xiii. 1.

The work He hath begun	Phil. i. 6.
He surely will complete,	1 Pet. v. 10.
And make the child He loves	Jude 24.
By grace for glory meet.	Col. i. 12.

PART III

I love the joyful hope	Titus ii. 13.
That He may soon appear,	Rev. xxii. 20.
Assert His right Divine,	Eph. i. 20, 21.
And reign and triumph here.	2 Thess. i. 7-10.

But if in His wise will	2 Thess. ii. 2, 6, 7.
His advent still delay,	Matt. xxiv. 42-51.
I soon shall go to Him,	Phil. i. 23.
The call may come to-day.	Luke xxiii. 43.

I do not fear to die,	2 Cor. v. 1-8.
He vanquished death for me ;	2 Tim. i. 10.
He made the grave the gate	1 Cor. xv. 55-58.
Of immortality.	2 Tim. iv. 6-8.

Full Salvation.

I know I soon shall meet	1 Thess. iv. 13-18.
With all His saints above ;	Is. li. 11.
And see His radiant face,	Rev. xxii. 3, 4.
And know His perfect love.	1 John iv. 16-19.
Help me, O Lord, to wait,	2 Thess. iii. 5.
To suffer, work, and pray,	1 Thess. v. 23.
Loving Thy present will,	1 Thess. iii. 13.
Rejoicing every day.	1 Thess. v. 16.
For Faith, and Hope, and Love,	Heb. vi. 19.
All praise to Thee be given ;	1 Thess. i. 3.
For joys like those above,	Eph. i. 3.
And foretastes sweet of heaven.	Eph. i. 14.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

I KNOW WHO MAKES THE DAISIES.

“Consider the lilies . . . the fowls of the air.”

I know Who makes the daisies,
And paints them starry bright ;
I know Who clothes the lilies,
So sweet, and soft, and white :
And surely needful raiment
He will for me provide,
Who know Him as my Jesus,
And in His love confide.

I know Who feeds the sparrow,
And robin, red and gay ;
I know Who makes the skylark
Soar up to greet the day :
And me much more He cares for,
And feeds with daily bread,
Whom He has taught to love Him,
And trust what He has said.

I Know who Makes the Daisies.

The daisy and the lily
Obey Him all they can ;
The robin and the skylark
Fulfil His perfect plan :
And I, to whom are given
A heart, and mind, and will,
Must try to serve Him better,
And all His laws fulfil.

The daisies, they must perish,
The lark and robin die ;
But I shall live for ever,
Above the bright blue sky :
Dear Jesus, Thou wilt help me
To love Thee more and more,
Until in heaven I see Thee,
Am like Thee, and adore.

A LITTLE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

DAY again is dawning,
Darkness flies away ;
Now from sleep awaking,
Let me rise and pray.
Jesu ! tender Shepherd,
Watching while I slept,
Bless the little lambkin,
Thou hast safely kept.

Help me, Lord, to praise Thee,
For my cosy bed ;
For my clothes and playthings,
For my daily bread ;
For my darling mother,
For my father dear ;
For the friends who love me,
Far away and near.

A Little Child's Morning Hymn.

Robin blithe is chirping,
Glad the night is o'er ;
Larks the light are greeting,
Singing as they soar :
I'm Thy little birdie ;
May I ever sing,
Goodness making music,
Unto Christ my King.

Daisies now are turning
Bright eyes to the sun ;
And the light is shining
On them every one :
I'm Thy little flower,
Jesus ! shine on me—
Turning, all my lifetime,
Grateful eyes to Thee.

God the Father loves me,
Jesus died for me ;
And the Holy Spirit
Guides and comforts me.
Glory to the Father !
Glory to the Son !
Glory to the Spirit !
Blessèd Three in One.

CHILDREN'S APPEAL TO THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

“Suffer the little children to come unto me.”

Jesus, Friend of children ! hear us,
As we lift our cry to Thee ;
May we know that Thou art near us,
And Thy smile of pity see ;
Friend of children !
Suffer us to come to Thee.

We are very young and tender,
Help our helpless infancy ;
Take the tiny gifts we render,
Our great Saviour ever be ;
Friend of infants !
Suffer us to come to Thee.

Let not friend nor foe prevent us,
As to Thy kind arms we flee ;
Give us, Lord, the blessing sent us,
Hear, O hear, our humble plea ;
Friend of children !
Suffer us to come to Thee.

Children's Appeal to the Children's Friend.

Babies and sucklings, Just I find us
In Thy bosom tenderly ;
We believe, for Thou hast said us,
Thine Thy love is full and true ;
Friend of infants !
Suffer us to come to Thee.

Old and young, now swell the chorus,
Sweet voiced in harmony ;
Hallelujah ! Lord, reign o'er us,
Now and through eternity ;
Friend of all men !
We will ever worship Thee.

THE CHILDREN'S HOSANNA.

“Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.

PRAISE to Jesus ! blend your voices ;
Christ, the great Redeemer, praise !
Ransomed earth with heaven rejoices ;
Bring your loudest, sweetest lays.
Children's voices,
Infants' voices,
May their glad hosannas raise.

Let us sing the wondrous story
Of the child's almighty Friend ;
How He left the realms of glory,
And to die did condescend.
Children's voices,
Infants' voices,
Sing the love that ne'er shall end.

Babes and sucklings ! sound His praises ;
He for us a babe became ;
Us in His kind arms He raises,
Now, as when on earth, the same.
Little voices,
Infants' voices,
Sing the Son of David's name.

The Children's Hosanna.

From His glory He beholds us—
 “ Suffer them to come to me ”—
Still in His kind bosom folds us ;
 Our best Friend will ever be.
 Babes and sucklings,
 Little children,
 Hope in heaven that Friend to see.

Worthy is the Friend Who sought us—
 Wandering, weary, helpless, lost ;
Worthy is the Lamb Who bought us,—
 His own blood the countless cost.
 Children's voices,
 Infants' voices,
 Blend with the angelic host.

Praise to Jesus ! swell your voices !
 Old and young the Saviour praise :
Ransomed earth with heaven rejoices ;
 Bring your loudest, sweetest lays.
 Infants' voices,
 Children's voices,
 All combined, hosanna raise:

RESPONSE TO THE CHILDREN'S HOSANNA.

"Hosanna to the Son of David."

(CHILDREN AND CONGREGATION ALTERNATELY.)

CHIL. To David's Son, Hosanna,
We children joyful sing ;
Hosanna unto Jesus !
The children's Friend and King.

CONG. To David's Son, Hosanna !
Your elders make reply ;
Hosanna, glad Hosanna ;
For us He came to die.

CHIL. Hosanna sing to Jesus !
He was Himself a child ;
He shared our childish sorrows,
So patient, holy, mild.

CONG. Hosanna sing to Jesus !
He shared our manhood's grief ;
He knows our cares and conflicts ;
Our Brother gives relief.

Response to the Children's Hosanna.

- CHIL. Hosanna sing to Jesus !
 The children still He takes
 Up in His arms and blesses ;
 He loves and ne'er forsakes.
- CONG. Hosanna sing to Jesus !
 The youthful and the old,
 And those who long have wandered,
 He welcomes to the fold.
- CHIL. Hosanna, loud Hosanna,
 To Christ the children's King !
 We'll honour and obey Him,
 And youthful tribute bring.
- CONG. Hosanna, loud Hosanna !
 Men, women swell the strain :
 O'er all our thoughts and actions,
 Lord Jesus, ever reign.
- CHIL. Hosanna, glad Hosanna,
 Our youthful voices raise :
 Hosanna ! Jesu, Saviour,
 Accept our feeble praise.
- CONG. Hosanna, glad Hosanna !
 Our older voices blend
 Hosanna with the children :
 We'll praise Thee without end

Response to the Children's Hosanna.

CHIL.	{	Praise Him, ye men and maidens ;
AND		Ye fathers, mothers, raise
CONG.		Hosanna unto Jesus,
		And swell the children's praise :
		Both now and through the ages,
		In earth and highest heaven,
		Hosanna, glad Hosanna,
		By all to Thee be given.

HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH AND MINISTRY.

THE CHURCH, THE CHURCH OF JESUS.

“The joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion.”

THE Church, the Church of Jesus,
The Zion of our King,
His earthly home and palace,
The Church of Christ we sing :
Built on the one Foundation,
Eternal, priceless, sure—
Her strength, the Rock of Ages,
She must for aye endure.

Of living stones compacted
This holy temple grows,
The Spirit's habitation,
And heaven's reflection shows.
Around, bright hosts of angels
Keep faithful watch and ward ;
Her constant joy and safety,
The presence of her Lord.

The Church, the Church of Jesus.

How beautiful is Zion,
The joy of all the earth ;
Above the hills exalted,
She sings with holy mirth :
Her walls resound salvation,
Her gates are glad with praise ;
Throughout the world, her heralds
The notes of mercy raise.

Go round about this Zion,
Jerusalem of ours ;
Her palaces consider,
And count her lofty towers :
To coming generations
Her triumphs must be told,
As taught us by our fathers,
Wrought in the days of old.

The Church, the Church of Jesus,
The Zion of our King,
His earthly home and palace,
The Church of Christ we sing :
Built on the one foundation,
Eternal, priceless, sure,
Her strength, the Rock of Ages,
She must for aye endure.

CHRIST IS THE SURE FOUNDATION.

"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

CHRIST is the sure Foundation,
The precious Corner Stone ;
The Church, for her salvation,
Is built on Him alone.

CHORUS :—Praise to the One Foundation,
The precious Corner Stone ;
We build, for our salvation,
On Christ and Christ alone.

Divine, He took our nature,
And God to men revealed ;
He died for our transgressions,
By His stripes we are healed.
Praise to the One Foundation, etc.

For us He conquered Satan,
And triumphed o'er the grave ;
For us He reigns in glory,
Omnipotent to save.
Praise to the One Foundation, etc.

Christ is the Sure Foundation.

He is our sole Confessor,
He saves us without price ;
Our only Intercessor,
Our Priest and Sacrifice.
Praise to the One Foundation, etc.

He is our only Altar,
By faith on Him we feed ;
His perfected oblation,
His finished work we plead.
Praise to the One Foundation, etc.

All who to Him are coming,
As living stones are built ;
Christ's Church, the Spirit's Household,
Redeemed from grief and guilt.
Praise to the One Foundation, etc.

God's holy habitation
Are all of every name,
Who build on this Foundation,
Unchangeably the same.
Praise to the One Foundation,
The precious Corner Stone;
We build, for our salvation,
On Christ and Christ alone.

ENTER THY TEMPLE, LORD.

ON OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF CHRIST CHURCH,
LAMBETH, JULY 4TH, 1876.

“Christ is all and in all.”

ENTER Thy temple, Lord,
Reveal Thy smiling face ;
Pronounce the pardoning word,
Bestow Thy Spirit's grace.

May we Thy presence feel,
And listen to Thy voice ;
Each broken spirit heal,
Each mourner bid rejoice.

The Church, O Lord, is Thine,
It bears Thy sacred name ;
Here let Thy glory shine,
With ever brightening flame.

The true Shekinah, fill
Each heart with holy light ;
And melt each stubborn will
With love's most tender might.

Enter Thy Temple, Lord.

Thou art our Corner Stone,
And Thou the only Door ;
We build on Thee alone,
We enter, praise, adore.

Our only Altar Thou,
Our sole sufficing Priest ;
To Thee alone we bow,
By faith on Thee we feast.

Thou art our Sacrifice,
Our Saviour, Thee we call ;
Enthroned above the skies,
Thou, Christ, art All in all :

All to Thy saints above,
All to Thy Church below :
Here, Lord, reveal Thy love,
Let all Thy glory know.

Head of the Church ! to Thee
All praise on earth be given,
Until Thy face we see,
And perfect praise in heaven.

THE GLORY OF THE GOSPEL.

“For if that which is done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious.”

SING aloud the Gospel's glory,
Brighter than illumed the Law :
Let us celebrate its wonders
Greater far than Israel saw.

Their's the symbol, ours the substance ;
Their's the dawning, ours the day :
Moses, Aaron, have departed,
Jesus is our Priest alway.

Their's the law on stony tablets,
Ours is graven on the heart :
Their's the letter, ours the Spirit,
In us, never to depart.

Their's the word of condemnation,
Ours the word of life and love ;
On them Sinai flashed its terrors,
Ours is light from heaven above.

The Glory of the Gospel.

Glory on the face of Moses,
And of Moses only shone ;
But the gospel's greater glory
Shines on Christians every one.

Thickly veiled the Prophet's features,
Veiled the hearts of all the rest ;
But we see the unveiled splendour,
God in Christ made manifest.

SUNDAY MORNING.

“The sabbath was made for man.”

SACRED Sabbath ! holy rest,
With the smile of heaven imprest ;
Joyful Sunday—radiant shine,
Gladden us with light divine.

Poor man’s charter from above,
Sign to all that God is love ;
God, Who labour did ordain,
Bids the weary rest again.

Day when severed households meet,
Gathering round the Mercy-seat ;
Day of calm retreat from care,
Day of cheerful praise and prayer ;

Day of the Creator’s rest,
When His finished work He blest ;
Day on which the Saviour rose,
Victor over all His foes.

Sunday Morning.

O may we, in God, our home,
Peaceful rest and never roam ;
O that we with Christ may rise,
Till we join Him in the skies.

Fit us, Day of holy rest,
For the Sabbath of the blest ;
Be the Sun of all the seven,
Foretaste, harbinger of heaven.

FOR A BIBLE CLASS, OR BEFORE SERMON.

“Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.”

To Thee, the Author of the Book,
O Lord ! in humble faith we look ;
Explain to us the sacred page,
And let its truths our hearts engage.

Thy lambs by living waters lead,
And in green pastures daily feed ;
Those waters from Thy word that flow,
Those fields where fruits unfailing grow.

Instruct the teacher and the taught ;
Unfold the page with wisdom fraught ;
Open to us the hidden store
Which makes us rich for evermore.

The truths that parables conceal,
Teacher Divine ! do Thou reveal ;
In type and prophecy, may we
Jesus, the true Messiah, see.

Thy promised gifts may we desire,
And love whate'er Thy laws require ;
Thy word may we with wisdom read,
And keep it, both in thought and deed.

For a Bible Class, or Before Sermon.

God bless our Teacher, good and kind ;
Fill with Thy peace **his* heart and mind ;
In blessing others, grant that †*he*
May be ‡*himself* more blest by Thee.

From sin's delusive pleasures freed,
May we *his* faithful counsels heed ;
And in the paths *his* footsteps tread,
May we with cords of love be led.

Fulfil *his* constant earnest prayer,
That we may each Thy mercy share ;
And when the pomps of earth shall fade,
May we *his* joy and crown be made.

* Or *her*, † *she*, ‡ *herself*.

BEFORE SERMON.

“Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified.”

HOLY SPIRIT, now impart
Light and love to every heart ;
Let the message we shall hear
Quicken, strengthen, guide and cheer.

Father, may we each fulfil
All Thy wise and loving will ;
Be it everywhere obeyed,
Thus let Earth like Heaven be made.

Thou Who on the cross didst bleed,
Now enthroned to intercede,
Hear our blended cry to Thee,
Hear our Heaven-indited plea.

Let Thy kingdom come, O Lord ;
Mighty be Thy conquering word ;
Claim Thy purchased heritage,
Hasten on the golden age.

AFTER SERMON.

“That ye may grow thereby.”

PRAISE to Thee, Most High, be given,
For the gospel sent from heaven ;
For the message we have heard,
For Thy pure, life-giving word.

Praise for pardon, full and free,
Loud proclaimed from Calvary ;
Praise for Jesus—Saviour, Friend ;
Praise for love that ne'er shall end.

Holy Ghost, Thy grace impart ;
Seal the truth on every heart ;
May we all on Christ rely,
For Him live, and in Him die.

Praise the Father ! Praise the Son !
Praise the Spirit ! Three in One ;
By us all may praise be given,
Now on earth ; for aye in heaven.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

“The whole family in earth and heaven.”

How sweet the fellowship of Christian love,
Communion of saints, afar and near !
With those on earth, with those in heaven above,
There is a cord that binds us, close and dear.

We feel them with us ! Saints of every land
And every age, we in your love rejoice ;
And ye, who round the throne of glory stand,—
Ours is one faith and joy, one heart and voice.

With angels and archangels, Lord, to Thee,
From us on earth all glory now be given ;
With friends endeared, whom we no longer see,
And all the glorious Company of heaven.

Beloved ones, passed a little on before,
Ye still are near us ! let our anthems blend
To Him in Whom we're one for evermore,
Be honour, praise, and glory, without end.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

“ My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed.

THOU, O Christ, art living Bread—
Let me from Thyself be fed !
Jesus, Thou art heavenly Wine—
Let me drink and know Thee mine !

Hungry—after Thee I long ;
Feed me, and thus make me strong ;
Thirsty—without Thee I'm sad,
Thou alone canst make me glad.

Lord ! supply my urgent need,
For Thy flesh is “ meat indeed : ”
“ Drink, indeed,” Thy blood to me ;
To this Fountain, Lord, I flee.

Jesus ! 'tis for Thee I pine,
Be to me both Bread and Wine !
Nourish, cheer me with Thy love,
Till I feast with Thee above.

HARVEST HYMN.

"The valleys are covered over with corn : they shout for joy, they also sing."

THEY shout for joy, they also sing ;
The valleys, clothed with corn,
Extol Creation's bounteous King,
Whose fruits the fields adorn.

They sing the Power that works each year,
The miracle of bread :
From seeds so few vast crops appear,
And multitudes are fed.

Of faithfulness they sing aloud,
That ever doth endure ;
The promise radiant in the cloud,
Seed-time and harvest sure.

They sing the Goodness of the Lord,
Who feeds both man and beast ;
Sustaining all things by His word,
Nor overlooks the least.

Lord of the harvest ! I would bring
My grateful sheaves to Thee ;
I'll shout for joy, I'll also sing
Thy faithful love to me.

Harvest Hymn.

Ripen the grain, Thy work complete,
Thy harvest-home prepare ;
Make me for Thine own garner meet,
Store me for ever there.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

GOD be praised for table spread !
Bounteous Source of every good,
Give to all their daily bread,
Bless our fellowship and food.

OR,

FATHER ! by Whose care we live,
With our food Thy blessing give ;
Help the needy, and impart
Love and joy to every heart.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

FOR food and friends let thanks be given ;
Lord ! may our lives be hymns of praise ;
Thus may we meet at length in heaven,
And feast with Thee through endless days.

NUPTIAL HYMN.

“Jesus was called to the marriage.”

COME to the wedding, Jesus, Friend Divine,
As Brother come, and ratifying Priest !
Thou Who didst turn the water into wine,
O come, and bless, and consecrate the feast :

For they who in Thy presence this day stand,
Are loved by Thee, Thy friends and servants
dear ;
As each to other gives the plighted hand,
Let them Thy voice of benediction hear.

Each loving each the more by love of Thee,
Let more than earthly joys to them be given ;
Their peaceful home a hallowed temple be,
And all their nuptial blessings bright with
heaven.

CONCLUDING HYMNS.

THE HEAVENLY BRIDEGROOM'S ADVENT.

"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come."

"Surely I come quickly."

"Amen ; even so, come, Lord Jesus."

BRIDEGROOM Divine ! appear ;
Thy Church to Thee is dear,
And waits for Thee :
She longs her Lord to greet ;
Come ! and her bliss complete ;
Hasten Thy chariot fleet ;
Lord Jesu, come !

Come, Lord, to earth again ;
Come quickly, come and reign :
Lord Jesu, come !
Enthroned the struggling right,
Make clear the clouded light,
In victory close the fight :
Lord, quickly come !

The Second Advent.

The love of some grows cold ;
Thy foes are waxing bold :

Lord Jesu, come !

They mock our hope delayed,
Our little progress made,
Thy precepts disobeyed :

Lord, quickly come !

Bid war and faction cease,
Bring in the reign of peace :

Lord Jesu, come !

Set every captive free ;
Let all men brothers be ;
Heal earth's long malady :

Lord, quickly come !

Assert Thy right Divine ;
O'er all the nations shine ;

Lord Jesu, come !

Then earth like heaven shall sing,
With hallelujahs ring,
And hail her rightful King :

Lord, quickly come !

DOXOLOGIES.

“Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory.”

THE Kingdom, Lord, is Thine,
The right o'er all to reign ;
None can assail Thy throne Divine,
Nor of Thy laws complain.

The Power, O Lord, is Thine,
To vindicate the right ;
Thy love with strength doth intertwine,
Mercy allied with Might.

The Glory, Lord, is Thine,
All praise to Thee be given ;
Through all Thy works Thy wonders shine,
In earth and highest heaven.

For evermore the praise,
The kingdom, power, belong
To Thee, throughout eternal days,
Creation's endless song.

Amen ! the chorus rings
From earth to heaven again ;
The universe adoring sings,
One blended glad Amen !

Doxologies.

HALLELUJAH ! Hallelujah !

Praise the Father ! He is Love :

Hallelujah ! let our voices

Join with seraph choirs above.

Hallelujah ! praise to Jesus !

Sinners, crushed beneath your guilt,

Rise ! rejoice ! adore the Saviour ;

'Twas for you His blood was spilt.

Hallelujah ! praise the Spirit ;

He doth sinful hearts renew ;

Sanctifier, Guide, Consoler,

Teacher, ever kind and true.

Hallelujah ! swell the chorus,

God, our only God adore ;

To the Father, Son, and Spirit,

Praise be now and evermore.

HALLELUJAH ! joyful raise

Heart and voice our God to praise !

Praise the Father ! Praise the Son !

Praise the Spirit ! Three in One !

One in wisdom and in grace,

One to save our sinful race :

Triune God ! to Thee be given

Praise on Earth, and praise in Heaven !

AMEN.

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